THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN . . *Woodcut by J. J. Lankes*
FRONTISPIECE . . . . *Cologne Cathedral* 276
RING IN THE NEWS . . . *Paul U. Kellogg* 277
THE PERMANENCE OF VALUES . . . . *Richard C. Cabot* 285
OVER A COUNTER . . . *Margaret Hagan* 287
CHRISTMAS CHARITY, LTD. . . . . *Malvina Lindsay* 288
PROHIBITION AND PUBLIC HEALTH . . *Haven Emerson, M.D.* 289
PULL . . . . . *Lincoln Steffens* 293
THE GREATEST CHAMAN OF THE CHUKCHEE . . . . . *Beulah Amidon* 295
"WHAT'S THE IDEA?" . . . . . *Eleanor Rowland Wembridge* 299
THE SILVA CONFESSION . . *Louis Stark* 302
NEW PRINTS IN THE OLD MANNER BY ROBERT AUSTIN . . . . . *F. L. K.* 303
EDITORIALS 306
IMAGINE AN OLD AUTOMOBILE! . . . *John P. Gavit* 308
LETTERS & LIFE . *Edited by Leon Whipple* 310
Book reviews by *Leon Whipple, O. J. Todd, Walter White, Mary Ross, Florence Loeb Kellogg, Halle Schaffner, Arthur Garfield Hays, Victor Weybright.*

The Gist of It

THE press "has been the clapper of our Liberty Bells." The Pressa at Cologne, as never before, exhibited the spread of communication among men from the days of the ballad-singers and the scriveners to the rise of the German Republic. The famous industrial museum at Munich has inspired similar large-scale museum projects in Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Our generation will see the technique of visualizing progress applied to the swift and dramatic development of mechanical invention and scientific advance in the United States. This Cologne exposition, which closed on October 1, showed how the artists can treat such a process imaginatively and reveal not only the evolution of our tools but of our ideas. The story of it is told (page 277) by PAUL U. KELLOGG.

DR. RICHARD C. CABOT is himself a shining example of that relatedness of values of which he writes. A distinguished physician, the founder of hospital social service, a professor at Harvard, a medical officer in the Cuban war, a lover of music—from such diverse strands he weaves the writings which have given him a large and devoted audience. His article on page 285 was first given as a paper at the conference of the National Federation of Settlements.

MARGARET HAGAN is field director of the Red Cross at St. Elizabeth's Hospital at Washington, D. C. Out of her experience in that remarkable institution for the saddest wrecks of the War, she has written an article (page 287) which gives the feel of an insane hospital in concrete terms—more, a picture of the untiring, and receptive, and non-critical attitude which is about all that the psychiatrists and their associates can give to their patients—and which sometimes works.

MALVINA LINDSAY writes feelingly on the dilemmas of Santa Claus out of her three years' experience in handling the "Christmas adoption" of a hundred needy families for the Kansas City Journal-Post. Page 288.

IN the chart at the head of DR. HAVEN EMERSON'S article on page 289 are two curving lines. One shows the growth of population, the other the deaths from alcoholism. The distance—the spread—between the two lines is the nib of his study of the effects of prohibition. The greater the spread, the better off we are. It shows that in the wet year 1915, there was a spread of about twenty points between the two; in the dryest year of our history, just after prohibition had been set up in 1920, it widened amazingly to about seventy-five points; in 1926, with ineffective and half-hearted enforcement, it was still sixty points—about three times better than in 1915. The distance between the lines is a yardstick of life, the longer the measure the fewer the drunkards' deaths. Such results, capable of statistical statement, will be the measure of Mr. Hoover's undertaking to the twenty million men and women who voted for him. By them we shall know, during the course of his administration, that the law has been enforced, or that it is indeed unenforceable—even by a president who is himself a dry and who has behind him a Congress overwhelmingly of his own party.

FOLLOWING the strenuous years of his muck-raking journalism over half the face of the earth, LINCOLN STEFFENS has established a home-base of writing and lecturing in Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. Page 293.

AMONG the miracles of modern education must certainly be included the work of Waldemar G. Bogoras, that Russian scientist who has dared give books, pencils, maps, libraries and laboratories to men and women with stone-age culture and understanding. Elementary schools for scattered native tribes are setting up in the frozen tundra of northeastern Siberia. In a college Dr. Bogoras established for them in Leningrad, three hundred of their picked youth every year leap over a hundred centuries, master a modern language, adjust to a world that has city streets and skyscrapers instead of landmarks and skin tents, trains and automobiles instead of reindeer, laws of chemistry and physics instead of the shaman's lore, constitutional government instead of tribal custom. Here is high faith in education and in human adaptability, told in the form of an interview (page 295) with BEULAH AMIDON, associate editor of Survey Graphic.

LEM and Lena and a score of other modern little roughnecks and lowbrows have come up out of ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE'S work as psychologist and as referee of the Cleveland Juvenile Court, to delight our readers. Here (page 299) she shows them sisters under the skin to girls of another stripe whom she meets in another social world.

LOUIS STARK (page 302) has followed the Sacco-Vanzetti case for a number of years for a prominent New York newspaper. Readers of Survey Graphic will recall his dispassionate summary of the case in our issue of October, 1927.

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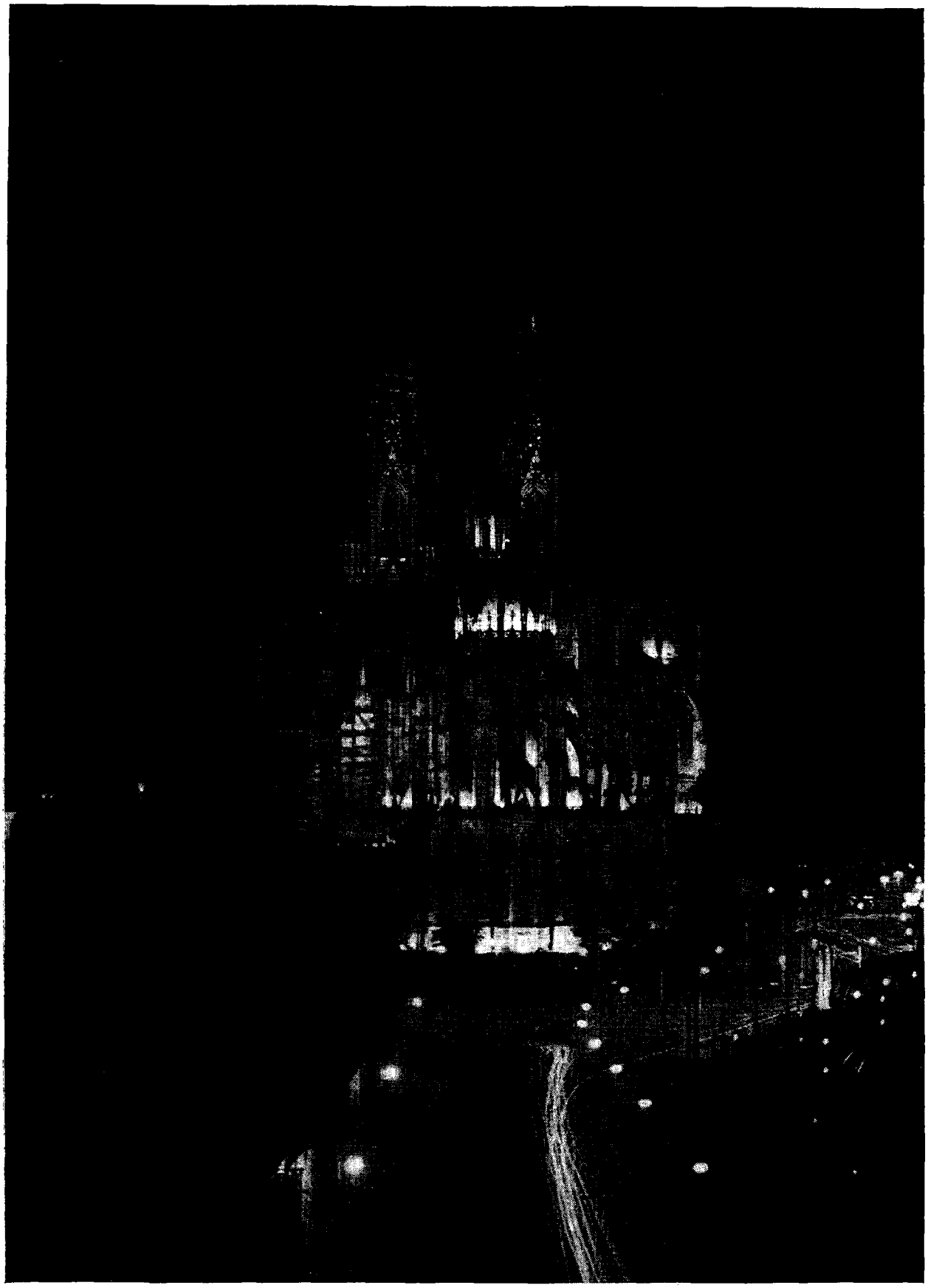

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL AT NIGHT

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

DECEMBER 1, 1928

Volume LXI
No. 5

Ring in the News

By PAUL U. KELLOGG

THREE nights a week the Dom was flooded with soft lights. The illuminated tracery of crosses, arches, flying buttresses and serrated spires, revealed as never before how the old builders brought to earth those fragments of their dreams of heaven which we call cathedrals. That, electrical invention has done for us.

Across the river, at the bridge-head of the first of the three occupied zones to be relinquished to the new Germany, in an old military barracks that is to become a permanent museum of the Rhineland, were tracings of another architecture of the human spirit. They were to be found in the historical section of the Pressa, the international journalistic exposition which the city of Cologne put on this year in the ultra-modern buildings which henceforth will house its fairs that go back to the Middle Ages. Here in the Pressa electricity also played its part, from power presses to an incandescent replica of the news world. This was a relief map of the continents, as large as a tennis court. The turn of a switch showed by luminous tubes and crackling antennae how intelligence of some far-flung event flashes to the big centers and thence by cable, telegraph and radio to the far ends of the earth.

In its own way the historical section illumined the techniques of editors, news agencies and publishers, paper makers and machine builders, advertisers and public administrators, whose displays made up the main exhibition. Like them it dealt with the rise of a fabric of communication among men. It dealt also with its consequences in spreading freedom and self-government; and it handled these things in the setting of the German people and as they have played their part in the emergence of the Republic of today.

With us, it is fairly easy to visualize the American epic. We begin with the Caravels. Plymouth Rock, the Liberty Bell, Lincoln at Gettysburg—piece by piece the pageant of our search for liberty and union falls into place. In the racial, military and dynastic changes of Western Europe, the flux of free institutions is not to be traced so simply. Begin with bludgeons and stone hatchets (those first detachable weapons which mistakenly set man off from the brutes) and you may follow the red line that marks the evolution of war. But what of the evolution of democracy if you begin with the instruments by which eyes and ears first reached out beyond the near at hand, by which minds came to meet, and understanding and common purposes came to be spread? Here was a scroll that could be unrolled; and it was done with color and imagination by the special staff of artists and journalists enlisted at Cologne.

I VISITED the historical section the day an Algerian lad had won the marathon in the Olympics at Amsterdam. There in the entrance was a lithe statue by Max Kruse of the original Greek runner, not as hero of a sporting event but as the most famous bearer of tidings of the ancient world. In adjoining rooms were paraphernalia of other primitive methods of transmission—from African drums and Alaskan totem poles to a Chinese newspaper of the third century. An electrical contrivance showed the dots and dashes of the telegraphers' code devised by the American, Morse, and their origin in the double banks of soldiers which Polybius stationed on the hilltops to lift and lower their torches in Roman wars before the Christian era. Large wall frames displayed the various stages in the development of our occidental alphabets and type fonts. A great family tree of the press had for roots spoken, handwritten, printed and pictured news, and for branches, daily papers, periodicals, posters, radio and so on. There was a hall of honor of thirty glass panels eighteen feet high, by Max Wendl, reminiscent of cathedral windows but done in the new manner. They personified the newspaper as the "mirror of history"—from Walther von der Vogelweide, whose political songs of the twelfth century are hailed as the harbingers of Teutonic journalism, to Gutenberg whose inventions, no less than the discoveries of Columbus, opened a new world in the fifteenth

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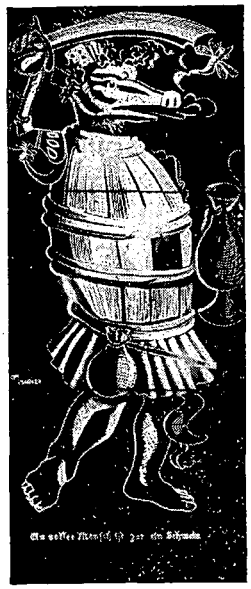
century; from Koenig and Bauer, whose fast presses printed the London Times in the days of the Napoleonic campaigns, to Stephen, the German postmaster-general who was one of the chief promoters of the International Postal Union. John Milton was honored as apostle of freedom of the press, and the Frenchman, Claude Chappe, who invented the optical telegraph, but in general the panels served as an illuminated table of contents for the Germanic exhibits[1] to follow.

THESE began with representations of song-borne news —first a series of heroic figures in painted glass by the same artist, depicting Das Hildebrand Lied and the legend of Wieland der Schmied—songs which are thought to have had their origin in narratives of actual happenings. Passed on by word of mouth, they had however become encrusted with valorous and mystical improbabilities before the first written versions of the seventh and eighth centuries. Wendl had had good fun in blending modern drawing with the antique glazier's art. At his hands they seemed fairly akin —and one could imagine some hall of *frei herrn* lit with such leaded bays in the good old gullible days of chivalry. Battle, murder and sudden death—love and hate—of such stuff was song the bearer of news; and the texts on which our modern headline writers pile their capitals and contrive their screamers have a lineage reaching back to the kit-bags of the troubadours.

Zu Nürnberg bey Georg Veydelin. M. D. LXI.

Front page of an early occasional news leaflet

The stories of four ballads were painted by Otto Marker in colorful pageants, as riotous and whimsical as the fabulous characters and events they celebrated. One of these was the Battle of Murten; another a "thriller"—a murder story of the violent past; a third a famous twelfth century song of Walter von der Vogelweide beginning, "I sat on a stone . . ."



Design from an old broadsheet. These were usually a combination of picture and text

Not the plots of the song-stories, but the method of telling them was the subject of Fritz Berlin who in four striking wood carvings portrayed the singers of ballads, of martial and political songs, and of the *moritat,* a combination of song and picture.

For the eye is as old a tale-bearer as the ear, as borne out in both profane and sacred history. Witness the medieval peep-shows at the Pressa, as reproduced from old paintings—forebears of the movies; or follow the stations of the cross in the cathedral nave across the river which there, as in a thousand churches, tell the story of Calvary.

ENTER the written word, and the halls of the ballad singers and visualizers gave way to a room where the work of the scriveners was displayed. Early commercial correspondence of the Hanse towns showed a sequence—first news cropping out in the course of a trade or diplomatic letter; next a fixed space given to it; thereafter a special sheet attached; and ultimately hand-written news letters. Some of the documents were of intrinsic interest—an epistle from the Duke of Alba for example, or communications from popes and emperors bearing their great seals. The most interesting, however, were collations of intelligence by the famous Fugger house at Augsburg, which early had built up a system of branches, agents and correspondents throughout the world that is said to compare with that of our international banks of today.

Close by was the work of the monasteries in illuminated missals and manuscript books—such as a copy of the Codex Aureus from the official Bavarian archives of Munich, and of the Golden Book, done at a French monastery at Corbie in 870—one of the most beautiful volumes which has come down to us from the Middle Ages.

And next, the printed word, all but as beautiful in its first impressions, done from those revolutionary movable lead letters in the shop of a German coin-caster whose hallmark bore the inscription *"Gensfleisch zur Laden"* (Goose flesh for sale). The exhibit was that of the Gutenberg Museum of Mainz; and along with grammars, astronomical calendars and such, stood out the priceless forty-two-line Gutenberg Bible of 1452-56. Once more wood carvings were employed to show the succession—the hand illuminator on vellum, the scrivener, the block printer, the printer from movable metal type.

Avisa I

Relation oder Zeitung.

Was sich begeben vnd zugetragen hat, in Deutsch: vnd Welsch-land/ Spannien/ Niederlandt/ Engellandt/ Franckreich/ Vngern/ Osterreich/ Schweden/ Polen/ vnnd in allen Provintzen in Ost: vnnd West Indien etc.

So alhie den 15. Januarij angelangt.

Gedruckt im Jahr 1609.

First copy of first European weekly newspaper

And here and at later stages of the exhibition, were flesh-and-blood journeymen and apprentices, dressed in the costumes of the times, at work upon exact reproductions of Gutenberg's type-foundry and press; of an early flat-bed newspaper press; and of Senefelder's lithograph press of 1830. Also there was the clack of the rag pounders of an actual eighteenth century paper mill, wooden throughout and run by a water wheel, with hand-laid paper made while you wait. Presumably the mill was not unlike more ancient models.

For with the invention of movable type and the rise of paper-making, the ground was laid for the pioneer journalism of the sixteenth century. One case displayed pamphleteering of the time of Luther—the debates over the indulgences; another the first printed news sheets—they were not periodi-

[1] Acknowledgments to the general manager of the Cologne Fairs, Dr. Esch; the director of the editorial department of the Internationalen Presse-Ausstellung, Herr Taepper; the director of the Historical Section, Professor Dr. D'Ester of the College of Journalism, Munich; and to Herr Emmerich, of the Pressa staff.

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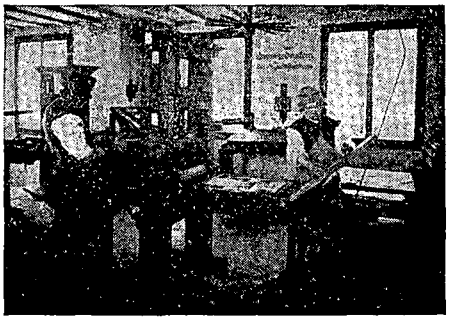
cals but bore each one on some special happening—*Newe Zeytung*. Like our old histories they were much given to military chroniclings—the war against the Turks, the Battle of Pavia, the War of the Peasants; but Columbus and his discoveries, Martin Waldseemüller's map of 1507, and the comet of the time broke into the news!—and these public affairs were all subordinate in quantity to things which have whetted curiosity from Adam to Barnum, Marco Polo to Hearst—namely, wonders and monstrosities, a bleeding monk, the good wife who gave birth to pigs, the girl who had not eaten for twelve years, that rain of blood at Nürnberg and such.

Close by were the broadsheets—single sheets, printed on one side with picture and text often in color; and again the lure of the strange and eventful, of hangings, battles, murders—of giant crawfish, mythical drakes, celestial visions; the dog-man, a two-headed calf and a woman who wrote with her toes. Yes, and the outline of the Giant Damann's hand, which the purchaser could measure against his own; precursor of that appeal to reader interest which we know in matching wits with the daily cross-word puzzle.

ROTARY presses, composing machines, wood-pulp paper, electrical transmission—all these would come in time, but before such mechanical aids could play their part, four great barriers had to be overcome in the evolution of modern jouurnalism. First, distance; next, disorder; third, costs; and fourth, the fetters of coercive governments.



Newspaper press of the eighteenth century: a replica

Gutenberg's type foundry that ushered in modern printing: a reconstruction at Cologne

A hall was given up to the genesis of the postal system, with intriguing pictures of the carriers and conveyances of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There were wood carvings by Werter showing the early post roads in Germany, Italy and Spain—strangely similar to the maps of our first air-mail routes of today. With the establishment of the posts, periodicals as distinguished from occasional publications were possible. On a wall at Cologne, hung in a sequence, were front pages of the oldest European weekly—predecessor of the München-Augsburger Abendzeitung, which has been published without break since 1609.

Disorder, the second hurdle confronting the press, as baffling as distance, was graphically presented in a room adjoining. This symbolized the blood and iron of the Thirty Years War. The walls were painted red. Four pillars, sheathed in plastic tin, represented the fortified cities of Stralsund, Vienna, Prague and Magdeburg. In curving silhouettes, troops in armor marched and counter-marched about them; cutting the means of communication and disrupting the common life.

WHAT of the third barrier—cost? The seventeenth century saw the spread to Germany of the Intelligencers (the first was brought out by Dr. Théophraste Renaudot in Paris about 1628). These papers, in their listings of travelers and of goods to sell and buy, were forerunners of our modern advertising columns. Here was the key to a cheap press which, for better and worse, unlocked the whole economics of modern newspaper publishing. Next from England came the moral weeklies—such as we associate with Defoe, Addison and Steele; and these in Germany combated the demoralized conditions following the Thirty Years War. Sprang up also (between 1682 and 1790) and in surprising numbers—454 listed in Leipzig, 202 in Frankfurt—the early scientific press (medicine, geography, morals, and so on). After them the scholarly periodicals of the classic period. Names here to conjure with: Goethe editing the Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeigen in 1772, and Schiller—Die Horen, a Tübingen monthly, in 1796.

Altogether, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thus belonged to the periodicals rather than to the newspapers; and the nineteenth century development of the informational press as we know it, daily and in our day, profited by the efforts of these predecessors to outflank the fourth great barrier confronting journalism. They struggled for the right to tell the truth and for liberty of discussion. Joseph II of Austria is credited with standing for freedom of the press in the same period that Frederick the Great was honoring in the breach his own professions on that score. [An electric mechanism at Cologne showed up the hollowness of one of the latter's heralded victories.] Before 1789 there was only one political newspaper in autocratic France (founded by the indefatigable Dr. Renaudot). During the Revolution, seventy-three sprang up in Paris alone. Once Napoleon was in the saddle, he cut them down to four, which he controlled, and issued an official state newspaper Le Moniteur Universel. As the greater part of Western Europe was for longer or shorter periods under Napoleonic control, the German press suffered in common, and men had to rely chiefly on books to keep aglow the embers of independence under despotism. An interesting item at the Pressa was a printed English handkerchief, smuggled across the Channel and covered with cartoons against the Corsican. Yet it was in the years of reaction that throughout all Europe followed the collapse of Napoleon—from 1819 to 1848—

Wooden paper mill of the eighteenth century: an original

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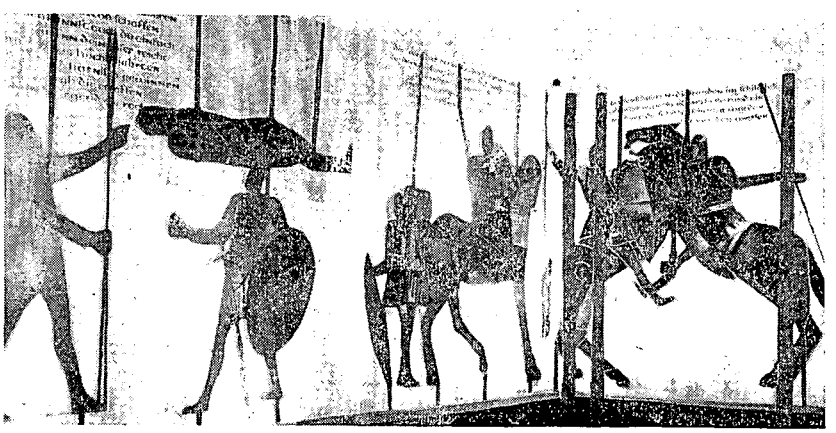
Song as a Bearer of News

Paintings on glass, by Max Wendl



HEROIC figures depicting episodes in Das Hildebrand Lied, which originated in the fifth century, was preserved by tradition throughout three hundred years, and was written down at the Monastery of Fulda in the eighth century. The artist employed modern drawing in combination with an old technique of glass painting so deftly that one might almost "imagine some hall of *frei herrn* lit with such leaded bays in the good old gullible days of chivalry."

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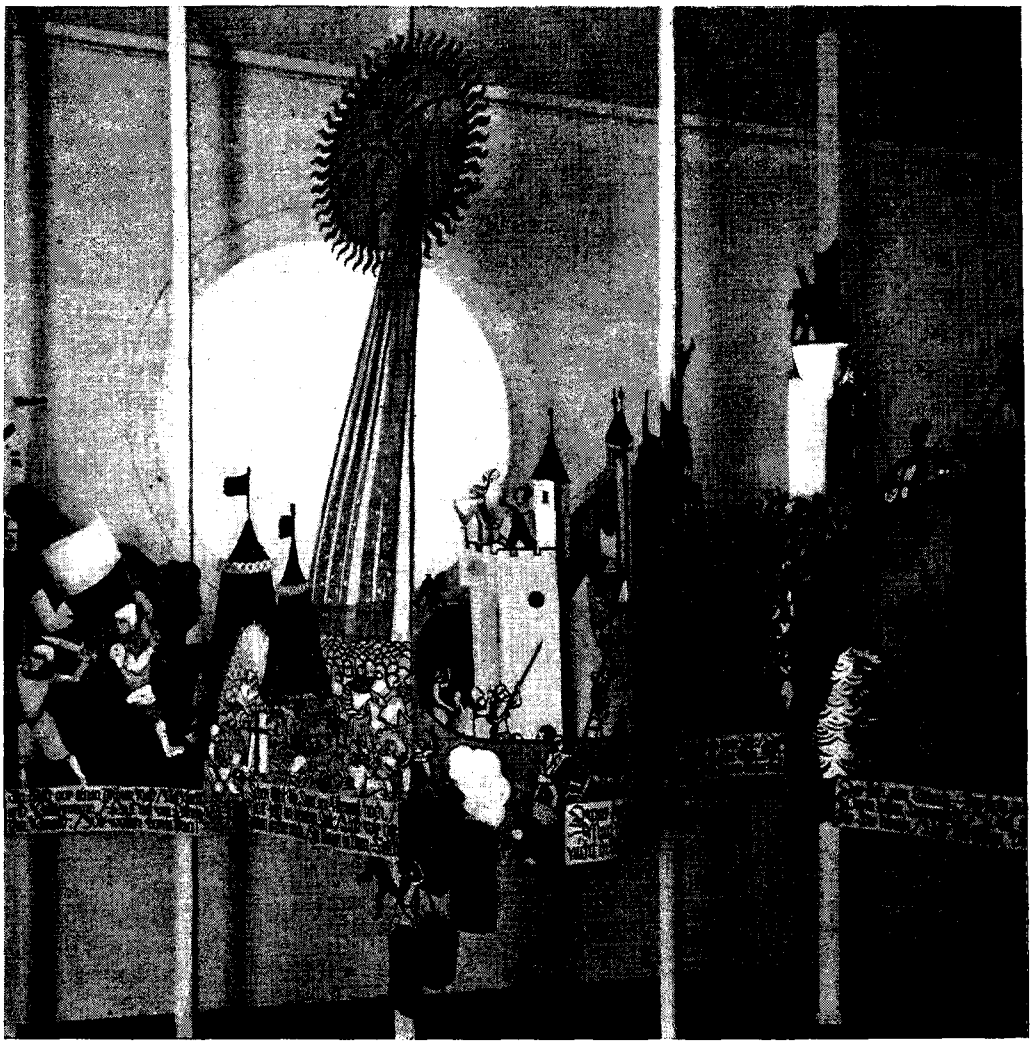
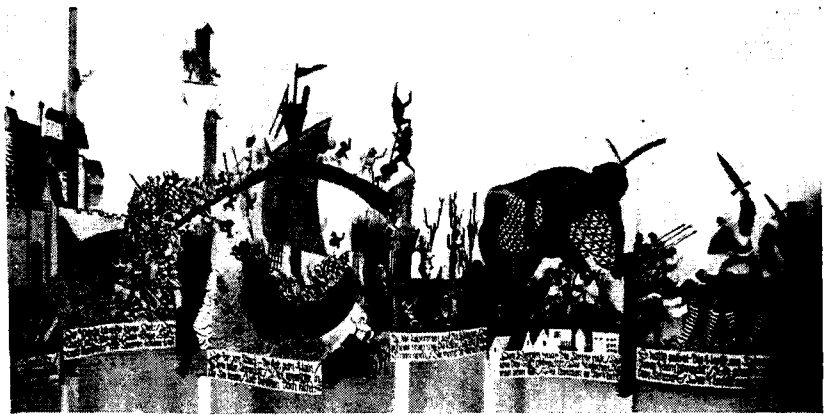


Tales of the Ballad Singer

Posters by Otto Marker

THE plots were turned into colorful pageants at the Cologne Exhibit. These medieval ballads are thought to have had their origins in actual happenings. Rolled on a thousand tongues they gathered the moss of legend. At the right, the ballad of the Battle of Murten. Another—there were four in all—was by Walther von der Vogelweide whose political songs of the twelfth century are regarded as the beginnings of the popular journalism of the Middle Ages.



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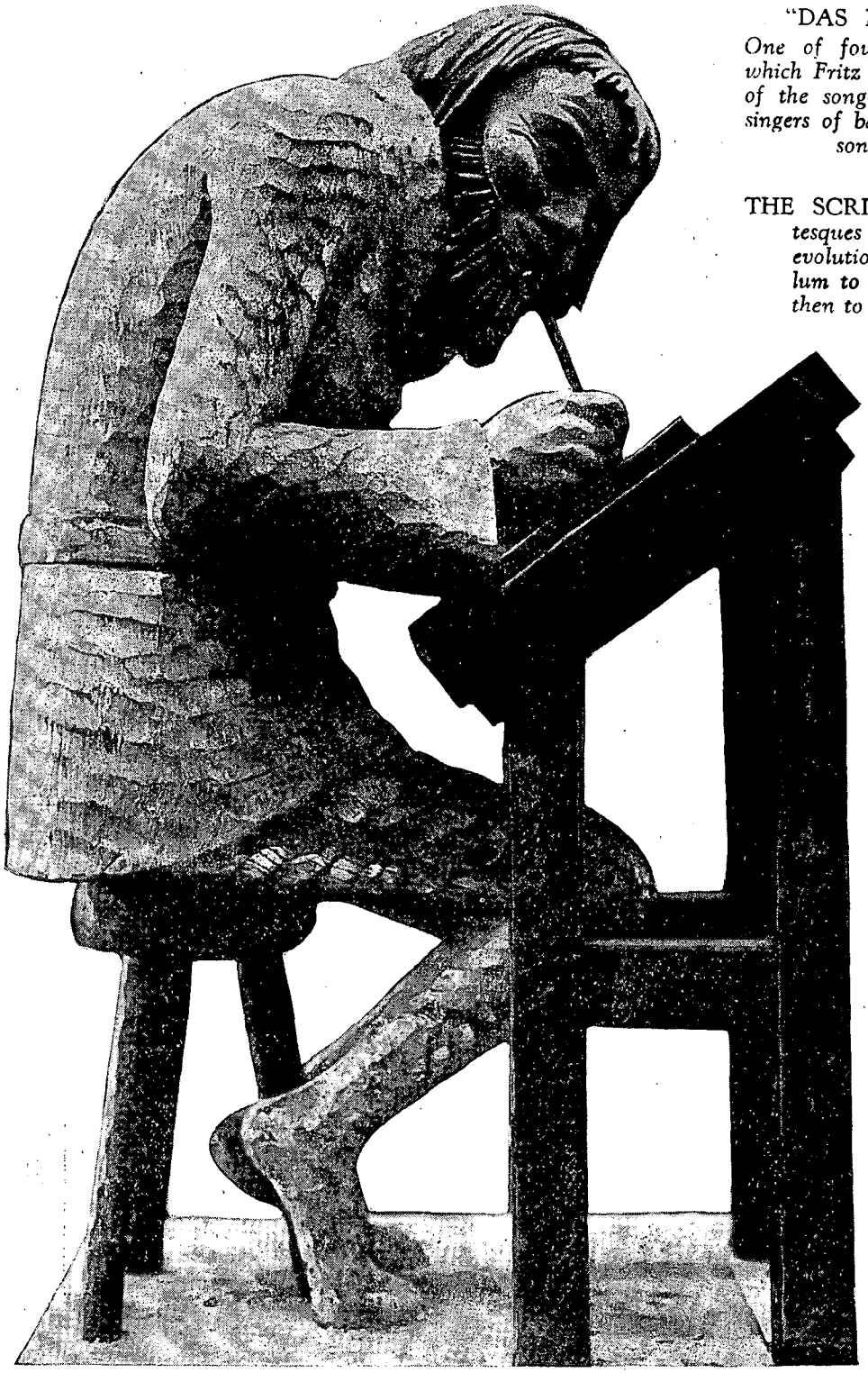
that censorship was clamped down hardest in Germany.

To censorship, in all its ramifications, a long hall was accorded at Cologne and the walls and ceiling of that hall were framed in the shape of a coffin. One section dealt with the early banning of books; and displayed for example proclamations calling on all good men and true to burn Luther's writings on sight. Another section dealt with the eyes of the law—with governmental regulations summed up in the almighty paragraph mark of the statutes (§). A third illustrated the rigors of censorship when turned toward literature, poetry, art. Here were grouped warnings to editors; there newspapers and magazines with sections marked out or blank spaces showing repression at work. Followed the fight against censorship—as reflected in long-nosed cartoons, petitions, books of protest and finally the proclamation of freedom of the press of March 17, 1848—one of the high-lights of that revolutionary year in Germany which brought Carl Schurz and his fellow refugees to America, to play their part in the developing democracy overseas.

"DAS BANKELSANGERLIED"

One of four striking wood carvings in which Fritz Berlin portrayed not the plot of the song-stories, but their telling—the singers of ballads, of martial and political songs and of the moritat



THE SCRIVENER—*One of four grotesques in wood, which showed the evolution from hand illuminator on vellum to scrivener, to block printer and then to the printer from movable type*

Exhibit after exhibit enabled you to follow, one generation after another, the long tug-of-war over this great strand of freedom, twined as it has been with other strands. There were cheap prints of the storming of the Bastille, which circulated throughout Western Europe and visualized the French espousal of liberty and equality; there were songs and pamphlets of the ill-fated revolution of 1830 in Germany, and songs, proclamations, cartoons and the black, red and gold of the revolution of 1848.

Not the least impressive was a room given over to posters which, running over the great epochs of a hundred years, carried the story of democratic aspiration up through the World War, through the revolution of 1918 and through the stormy years of the new German Republic in its first decade.

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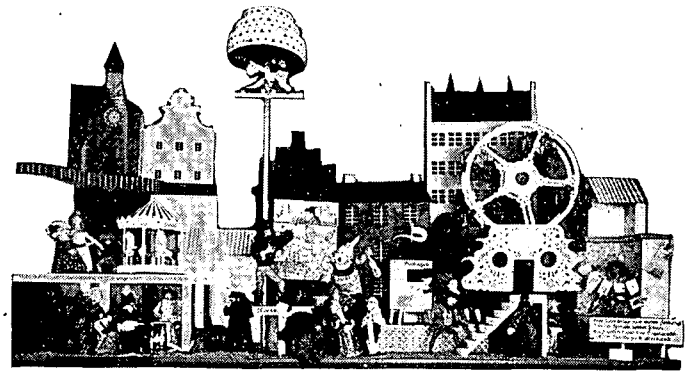


AT AN OLD-TIME FAIR

A cartoon in three dimensions illustrating the side-shows and ballyhoos at just such fairs as Cologne held in the days of yore, with stories told by plays, puppet-shows and ballad singers, by news leaflets, broadsheets and pictures. In the center was shown the moritat*—a combination of song and crude illustrations, telling a plot of sudden death, which may be the great-grandfather of our comic strips*

It is not possible to review here the wealth of materials which in terms of German experience showed the modern advances in postal service, news-gathering and publishing, in periodical and newspaper-making, in the enfranchisement of journalism from Gutenberg to Bismarck and beyond. But there was one little item tucked away near the cartoons of '48 which should be noted—a tiny paragraph in a forgotten newspaper which, on October 12, 1847, announced the birth to the family Hindenburg of a "merry and healthy son," who, in good time, was to symbolize in his person the transition of a political order.

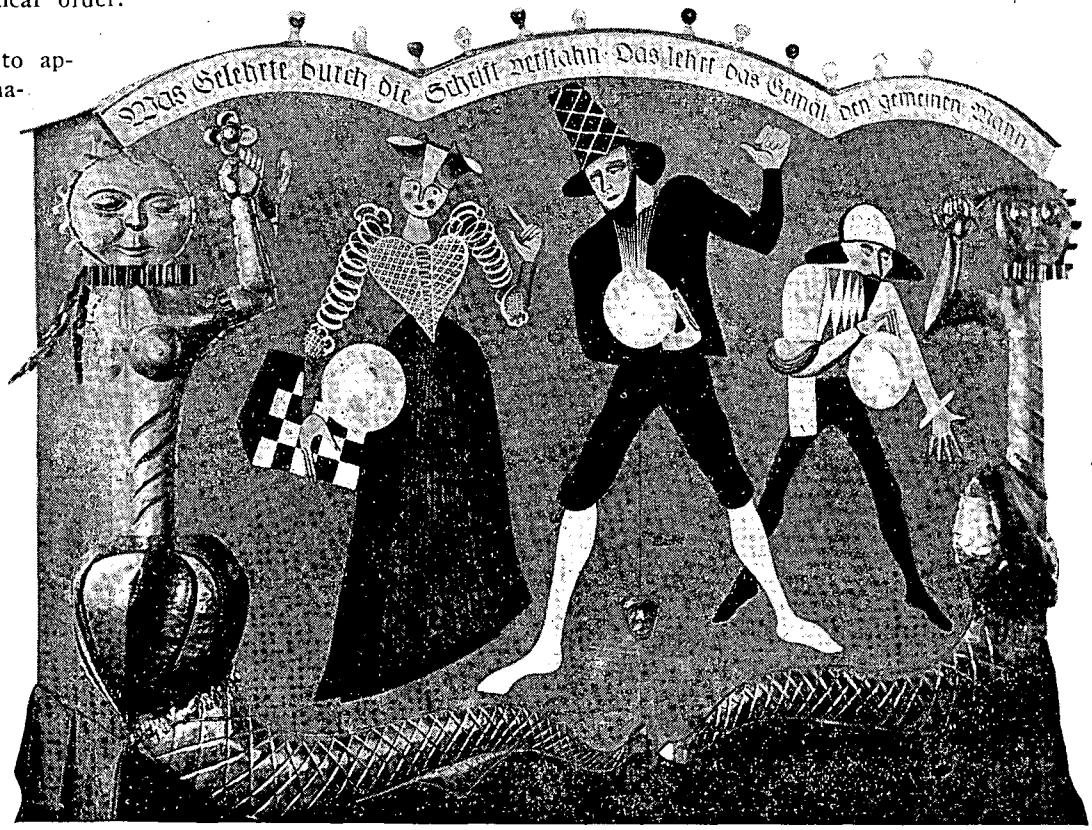
NOR is it possible to appraise the various national exhibits, each in its own hall, in a crescent about a broad plaza of the main exposition. They ranged from the tapestry-hung Spanish section with its gorgeous posters, to the piffling showing from the U. S. A. The Scandinavian countries and the new states of middle Europe, China, Japan, the British Empire, France, Italy—each had made use of its space in ways characteristic of the national temper.

The section of the League of Nations had the strongest intellectual appeal, a demonstration deftly developed, that peace and Geneva's part in it—the transcendent effort of the peoples of the world to shape the destiny of the world for good—hangs on communication among men and understanding among nations.

The Soviet exhibit was the most arresting. One thing stood out amid its challenging confusion of intricate mechanical contrivances and ultra-modern art-forms. That was the extent to which graphic techniques are employed in the effort to unite and galvanize one hundred million people of a score of races, spread out on two continents, and embarked on the most sweeping social and political experiment of the century. A silent bit of evidence was a reproduction of a revolutionary printing press, concealed in a cellar three stories below ground, in the days of the Czar.

But it was the Jewish publications exhibit, in a separate building, that bore quiet but most convincing testimony to the age-long struggle for freedom of thought. It displayed books of Holy Writ inscribed, printed and circulated in the face of supressions in a score of nations throughout the centuries. And it was in the building of the General League of German Trade Unions that the thread of the story of the German struggle for freedom of the press and for democracy was caught up. The center of it was a movie which showed fugitive papers passing from hand to hand in the days when the Empire was for suppressing Socialism; showed the knots of these ardent insurgents grow into companies, into the great marching throngs that played their compelling part ten years ago and gave framers to the new constitutionalism; showed the swift presses that today spread intelligence among the commoners of the republic.

"RING out the old: ring in the new!" When change and growth were abroad, "Ring in the news" has often meant much the same thing. The press has been a clapper to our bells of freedom. In our musters for self-



MEDIEVAL PEEP-SHOW

Carted from fair to fair on wheels. The plate-like things are openings through which, once simple Simon had paid his penny, he could see the pictures within. A forebear to the movies; the conveyance itself in the direct ancestry of Mr. Barnum and his gilded circus wagons

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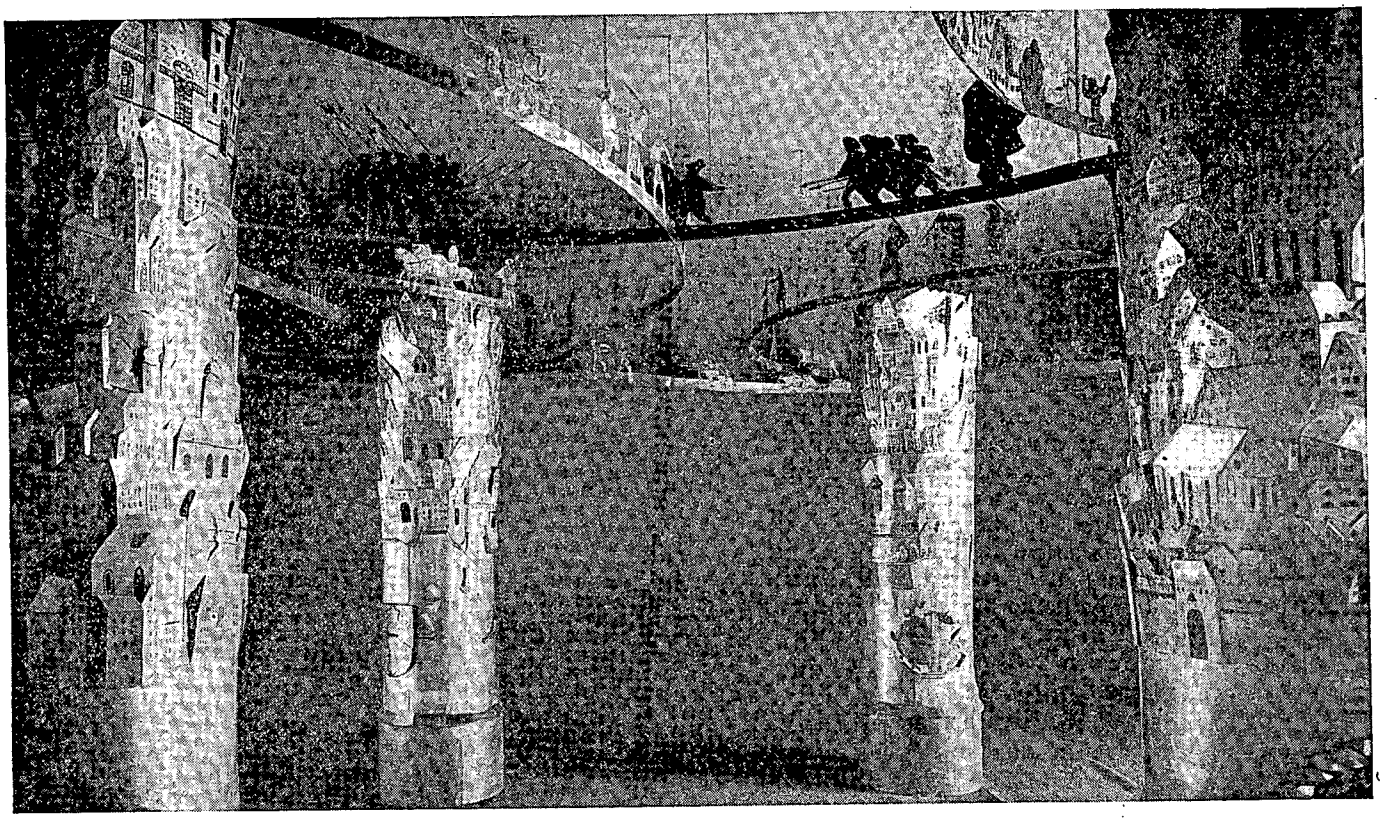


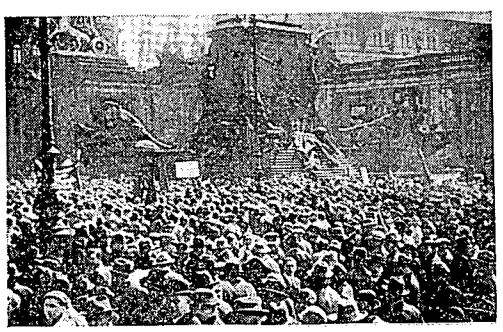
Disorder—as disrupter of communication. The Thirty Years War—visualized by four German fortified cities cut off from each other by sieges and marching armies. Done in red and plastic tin to carry the note of blood and iron

government, no less than when some cathedral spire was building, to the bell foundries we have sent our old plate of democratic principle, the very jewels of our liberty caps.

In a new day of tickers, reels and loud speakers, it might not be half bad to see whether any of the same precious alloys enter into these innovations. Whether they rouse our great populations—or only regiment them. Whether they make for farflung and responsible initiatives—or only for mass response. Whether, in overcoming the old barriers to communication—distance and disorder, costs and coercions—our mechanistic networks themselves tend to insulate the spontaneous interplay of men's minds.

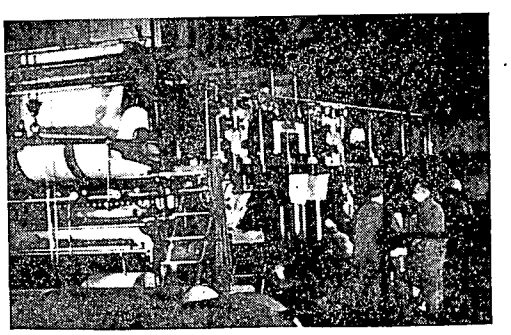
In the main halls of the Pressa could be found harbingers of a time when electrical invention will duplicate whole front pages of newspapers over great regions; when our commercial exploitation of the news will clamp a stereotype onto half the world every morning.

The foils to these things—the reserves which we must count on if democracy itself is not to be rolled flat into inert impressions—were to be found in the pageant of the human spirit which had invested an old military barracks until it shone like the cathedral on the opposite bank of the Rhine.



Labor's Struggle for a Free Press

Four bits of film from the movie dramatizing the exhibit of the General League of German Trade Unions. At the left (above) a knot of workers in the early days of organization; and (below) the massed throngs in the revolution of 1918. At the right (above) an early fugitive Socialist sheet, printed in England, which (in the movie story) the workmen had concealed from the police under a bust of the Emperor on his mantel; and (below) the great multiple presses that today spread working-class newspapers throughout the new republic.



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The Permanence of Values

By RICHARD C. CABOT

I SHALL ask a question, give an answer, and then try to suggest why I believe it true.

What can give values permanence? For reasons that will soon appear, I am not going to try to say which values are permanent. But if one knows a "value"—that is, a good, an end, a goal, that one is perfectly sure is good and ought to be permanent—what can one do to make it permanent or to tend to keep it so?

By "values", as I have said, I mean nothing more than what some one desires. The good, the true, and the beautiful, progress, efficiency, freedom, self-expression, good case work, family life, economic soundness, love—those are some of the hundreds of things that you and I want, and that exemplify what I am talking about. I make no attempt to select those which are or ought to be permanent, but address myself wholly to the question.

My answer is: *The quality which can make values permanent is their interrelatedness one with another and with the whole.* Insofar as they are interlocking, tied together in memory by people who do not forget any, combined as the notes in a chord of music, integrated as the nervous system integrates the activities of the body—insofar as they are a member of such a system, they will be, I believe, permanent. Now some attempts to prove this.

IN the first place, I think it can be shown that *any single value* that we can name, *no matter how good, by itself tends to get arid and stale.* One can hardly any longer mention seriously Matthew Arnold's remarks about "sweetness and light." They were perfectly true in their time and place. But when one has wallowed for a time in sweetness and light one feels like saying, "Give me a hard fact with some bite to it—anything to get out of sweetness and light." On the other hand, if we have a reverence for a fact, as I do—for any fact, so far as it is a fact—still do we not recall some day in our lives when we have been so swamped in facts that we would give anything to find out what will redeem their factuality? We can get as tired of facts as we can of sweetness and light.

Or take two often alternating values. Some students in some colleges (contrary perhaps to your ideas of students) want to learn—for a time. But towards the end of college there comes a moment when they do not want any more learning, just as at the end of a good dinner we do not want any more food. That time may arrive before the end of four years, but in any case it arrives sooner or later. Then the student is eager to stop learning and get a job, to stop taking things in and begin to put out something. But later, after a certain number of years of giving out, people have a similar hunger to go back to school and learn some more, to stop giving out and begin to take in, so as to get the reservoir filled again.

One might interpret this as mere fickleness of human nature that swings from one extreme to another, and not as the interrelatedness and need of each value for all. But consider in a concrete case how we labor to make a particular value permanent, not by getting away from it (as by a swing of the pendulum), but by making it interlock and interweave with other values.

Take the value called "love". If you want to make love permanent, what are you going to do about it? You are going to summon every allied interest that you can find, and you need them all. You must have seen many instances where two people start out in love and think they are going to keep their love alive forever just through loving each other. But love, to be permanent, has to draw into itself the other values: the value of reform, civic, social, institutional, personal (what deepens life more than to be working together for a good cause?); the value of beauty (how often have you felt in the face of some great beauty of nature or art how your love for another was deepened as you both faced that beauty); the value of learning together, hand-in-hand with the person you love. Isn't that the way to deepen and make permanent our love? Suffering, too, in a good cause, is a real value as I see it, an experience that we ought to desire in its proper place. Surely it is something that tends to make permanent the love of those who go through it together.

I have taken a value which we all agree is real and which we long to see permanent. Isn't it true that the way to make it permanent is to interlock it with all the other great values we can think of?

Or take science. I do not believe anybody can long keep alive the passion for knowledge unless he interweaves it with other human activities. One cannot dig very long at science without wanting to discuss with somebody, to get the stimulus of another personality, to print or speak. One of the greatest scientific men that ever lived, Louis Pasteur, told his students to "live in the serene peace of the laboratories." He seems to say that this holy grail of the striving for truth can there be preserved, enriched, and continued without any admixture of other human interests.

Was it so in Pasteur's life? No. Nothing ever stirred him more deeply or was more productive of new truth through his labors than the bite of a mad dog on a child. From that came years of furious work, suffering, disappointment, and final joy in the discovery of preventive inoculation for hydrophobia. Pasteur was intensely devoted to his family, and drew his family body and soul into his scientific life. Some people think it was too much so, but certainly his family and his laboratory were almost one. Finally, nobody that I have studied had a more real religion than Pasteur, or better saw the interlocking of the finite and the infinite in daily life.

I have been a lover of music all my life. I know, as all of you who love music know, that you cannot keep on loving music unless you do something else with it. You have to understand it, to go into it, to see something of the personality who is speaking through that music (for all music

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is the spoken sentence out of the mouth of some personality), and back of that the age, the race, and the world-current from which he came. Artists are always longing to get themselves linked up with the rest of the world. Watts wanted to decorate railway stations. As I have seen artists, they do not want to think of themselves as people set apart, as a cult. They may talk about art for art's sake, but they do not want it exotic and separate. They want it mixed with all the other arts of decoration, dress, speech, love, locomotion, and so woven into all we do.

THE unity of all values that are to survive, this integration of their survival, is suggested again when we recall the familiar experience, that if we care intensely for any one thing or person it makes us more able to care for any one or anything else. Lowell tells us that "love of all things flows from love of one," and to Emerson, "all things through thee take nobler form." In a rather spectacular form we see this at the time of an engagement in marriage. Whoso intensely loves another human being becomes at this moment more able to appreciate nature, literature, art, than ever before. The deepening of a single value strengthens our whole power of valuing, our central organ of valuing. Love called out in one field can be developed and then applied in other fields, because values are structurally integrated as the senses are in the brain. We do not see or value with the eye, we see and prize with the mind. The proof of that is that different people facing the same objects see different things, differently, in correspondence with the minds that they bring to it—the man behind the gun, the mind behind the organ. There is no competition between the messages that come through the eye, through the ear, and through touch, because they all inform a single central mind.

MANY of you had quoted to you, and probably many have spurned, an old line of Browning's which yet seems to me to have here its truth:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be.

"How could a man write such a thing?" we say when we face old age as it is, and see people losing their eyes, their ears, their muscles, their brains. But what Browning meant, I think, is that because we can learn to value everything by valuing anything intensely, we become, as we grow older, capable of loving more people, more books, more works of nature and of art, more jokes, more jobs, so that in a sense "the best *is* yet to be" for as long as we can *in this sense* grow old, not by senility but by *loving with* all that one has learned.

Think of this in relation to your knowledge of Shakespeare. Your love for any single play is multiplied and illuminated by what you find in his other plays. If you read one new to you, you penetrate into its value with the force of all that you have cared for in the rest of Shakespeare. You care for any single work of Brahms with the whole range of your liking for the rest of his music. As our appreciation of particular works of Shakespeare is to our appreciation of the whole of Shakespeare, as the amount we are capable of caring for any single piece of music depends in part on how much we are able to care for the interrelated works of the same master, so as we grow, learn, and work in any part of the world we increase our power to care for any other part. I believe people tend to get warmer, not colder, as they grow old, to appreciate more and to live less in the suspicious or pugnacious attitude which blinds our appreciation. One comes to recognize a single quality—what one might call *"world-quality"*—in many different lovable things of the world, in science, art, or action. This love of world-quality is religion.

SO we can approach any unknown but possibly lovable object or person with all the strength of valuing which we have previously accumulated. Suppose there was discovered a new play by Shakespeare. Imagine yourself bending reverently over the book to start reading that new play. An onlooker might say, "This is mere hypocrisy—you don't know what you are going to see." In the same way I have heard people very cynical about the conversational phrase, "I am pleased to meet you," spoken to an utter stranger. But you *are* pleased to meet another member of this fascinating, puzzling human race that you have known so well already. You have found so much that is likable or interesting in human nature that you *are* "pleased to meet" another member of it even though you don't yet know him. I have often tried to think on what ground one can justify the smile, the bow, the attention, the polite words with which you greet any new person or new interest. I think this is the answer. Hope, faith, confident expectation take the hypocrisy out of it.

IT is a common experience that when we have gone through anything especially vital to us, anything like the last War, the loss of some one dear to us, or a great failure in our own work, or a great success, we begin to see all the old familiar furnishings of the planet with somewhat different eyes. You go back to your fight for free speech, your reading of George Meredith, your tennis, or your playing of Bach, your club work, or what you have previously seen in Millet, and you find something more, better. How could this be unless values come to a single center and get their permanence in that?

Values unite and are included in a person. If you know any man of science, or art, or other outstanding field of accomplishment, you notice that no matter what he has done he is bigger than that, bigger because that value and the other values are united in him. I am thinking of Stevenson. Think how the different expressions of Stevenson's personality interlock with each other to contribute to make the total personality who is greater than any or all of them. Think of Stevenson's verses in the light of his travels, think of his travels in the light of his verses, and of both in the light of his novels; or of his dealings with the Samoan people, or of his love for his father (despite bitter differences), or of his relation to his wife and the way he went after her, or of what he thought about Burns, or of the way he fought tuberculosis. When we call up Stevenson's personality we hold something that unites all these and more, as the notes are united in a chord. It is the personality of Stevenson, greater than any or all of his deeds, that gives us the unity which is the preservative of all the values in his work and life as we know them.

IF there is a single value that we might all agree to be eternal I should say perhaps it is humor. What survived out of the Spanish War, what was eternally valuable in all that foolishness, except the writings of Mr. Dooley? No matter how tawdry that war was, Mr. Dooley's picture of it survives. Yet is there anything more mournful in this world than a professional humorist? Why? Because, like

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any other value in this world, humor cannot live by itself.

Why are the annual reports of charitable societies such arid reading? (Having written a good many of them I am willing to say how bad they are.) Because just at that moment, while your hand is penning that would-be immortal document, your mind is not aware of the great values that are really incarnate in social work. Can this awareness be won? Yes. Think of Dr. Samuel G. Howe's reports. Because Dr. Howe was so much bigger than any of the parts of social work that he touched, because he cared and fought so passionately for the freedom of Greece, because he hated Turkish tyranny and Negro slavery, he could write such wonderful words about the enfranchisement of the feebleminded and the blind. I sometimes think that nobody ought to be allowed to write an annual report who has not taken a course in Dr. Howe's reports.

I SHOULD say, then, trying to make further practical application of my thesis and to follow up what I have just said about annual reports, that when we face any supposedly valuable unit in human life: a court of justice, a hospital, a family group, a settlement, or a factory, one ought to say, "How far has this bit of life succeeded in weaving into itself all the essential values of human life, or how far has it got off, stranded like the poor humorist who has to make jokes for a living? If we have any doubts whether the family is going to survive, isn't it because we have doubts whether into the family have been interwoven the great world-values that you and I believe should be there?

I assume that this integration of values, this harmonious kingdom of values, is the glory of religion. And so, because of the peculiar make of this creature called man, we are restless until we can bring all that we love into its unity with God. How it amazed St. Augustine when he thought of it: "Man that bears about with him the witness of his mortality, yet would *he* praise Thee! He but a particle of Thy creation! Thou awakest us to delight in praising Thee, for Thou madest us for Thyself and our heart is restless until it repose in Thee."

Over a Counter

By MARGARET HAGAN

OUR Recreation House has a counter, a brown counter not unlike the nicked one of a country store. Beneath this place of genial exchange there is no show-case for the customer to press his nose against, to look down with longing eyes. Instead there is a shelf adequate and deep, with its treasures in prim piles as though a neat child had so arranged his precious possessions at the end of the day.

Here are the paper and the envelopes; there the pencils and pen points. Straight decks are to the left, pinochle to the right. The narrower cards for bridge are in the middle —Mrs. Kensington Kay Kensington gives these since of course she uses a deck only once. Checkerboards are here; cribbage there. The victrola is behind the hostess, one book of records and a stack of loose ones are on the shelf and there are more in the store-room should the men tire of these. Here is the stamp box with its faint pleasant smell of cigars. Cigarettes are in the big box beneath the shelf.

Toothpaste, brushes, sweaters, "a little chewing," crutch-tips, candy, shoestrings, neckties, handkerchiefs, soap and reserves of all the articles on the shelf are in the store-room. In the office to the left are the magazine shelves chock full. The hostess knows which men like which— "usually we keep The Atlantic for Smith, he's so fond of it."

It is nine o'clock and the House is open. The storekeeper-hostess will have no season of dullness. She will never have to wait for a customer. They have been standing in the foggy drizzle for fully fifteen minutes, eager to get in. Now the casual eye might think her customers odd, unprofitable. They bring no money for anything but stamps and they can't always find the pennies for them. Often they come to the counter and want not a single thing. They come without even the apology of "just looking," converse pleasantly, sometimes lightly, frequently confidentially, and often mysteriously, to depart later with apparent satisfaction to a favorite game or chair or corner.

Considering the odd things that are in the customers' minds, they seem to our shopkeeper-hostess remarkably lacking in general queernesses. Their personalities are as varied, as interesting as their clothing. Here is a service coat that almost sweeps the ground, but Robin will not permit his friend, the tailor, to cut it off, nor will he wear with it any headgear other than a derby. He has come today to the counter to show his shoe-shine. He is as grave as a child.

"Pretty nice shine, isn't it?"

"*Very* nice, Robin."

"You really think they look nice?"

"Oh, much better, Robin."

"Do you really think I'm crazy?"

"Do you think you are, Robin?"

"No I don't. But a fellow outside told me I was."

"Teasing you, wasn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know. Fellows are always telling me things like, 'You're crazy, You're getting thinner and thinner day by day!' and stuff like that."

"Why don't you tease them back?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm a serious fellow. Think they are teasing? Well, how do you like my shine?"

A ONCE famous pugilist gives Robin a glare and leans across the counter on his elbow, his right hand held conspicuously against his unshaven cheek. There is at least one ring on each finger. He has an enormous watch chain with a dozen or so charms depending. He is a tall man with singularly bright china blue eyes. On the back of his head there is the skull-cap of a freshman.

Some one is scuffling in the lavatory. The storekeeper waits a minute. There is a thud. She dispatches the janitor who presently brings to her an (*Continued on page* 323)

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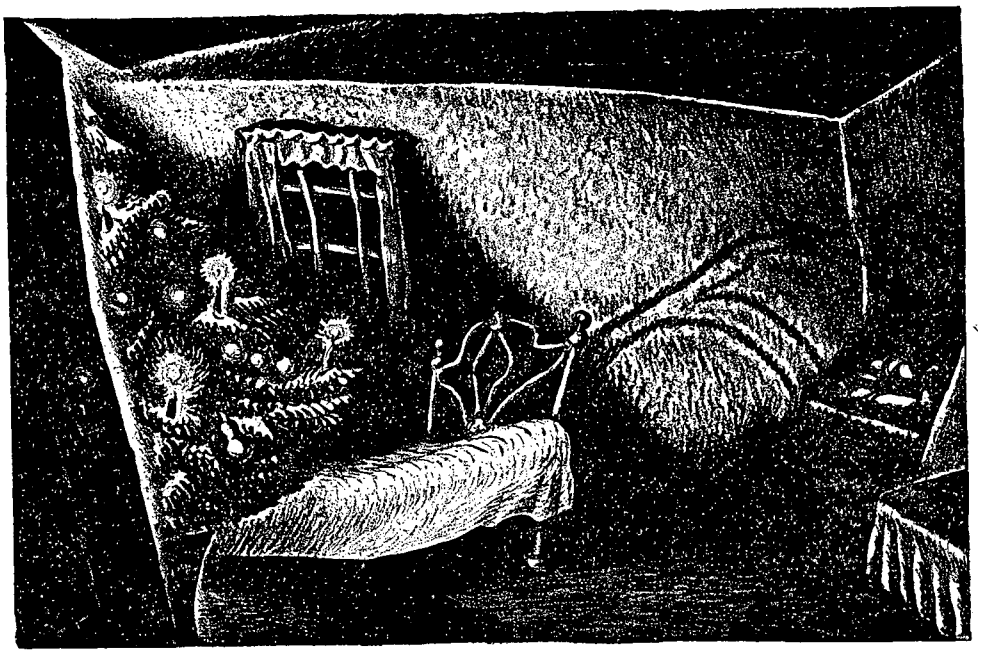

CHRISTMAS EVE

Lithograph by Wanda Gág. Weyhe Gallery, New York

Christmas Charity, Ltd.

By MALVINA LINDSAY

THE Christmas Editor turned from her filing to the insistent telephone. "No, we haven't any widows with small children," she repeated wearily. "Sorry. Perhaps you'd be interested in this family of nine—"

Old Mrs. Lovelace had clicked up the telephone receiver. Who could blame her? Had she not been inquiring futilely for widows for three days successively? And every hour was bringing Christmas nearer. Christmas charity was like Christmas shopping. One longed to have it over and done with.

Turning again to her records, the Christmas Editor picked up the first card in the box of leftovers. "Family No. 85: Joe Trescasso, 809½ Vanderbilt Place; upstairs, rear; seven children; girls, 1 month, 2, 5, 13; boys 3½, 7, 9. Needs: food, fuel, clothing."

The telephone clamored impatiently. Mrs. Seymour was speaking. Her Sunday-school class had taken No. 46. She wanted to exchange it for a really needy family. These people had a comfortable home and a warm fire. Their clothing was almost as good as hers. The older girls actually had on silk stockings. Would the Christmas Editor please look over the list again and find her a really destitute family—one that would be appreciative—and then call her?

The Christmas Editor would. She began shuffling the case cards with bitter thoughts toward Charles Dickens. Why did he ever create an Oliver Twist, a Little Nell, anyway? Why hadn't the Watch and Ward Society of his day suppressed his descriptions of the London slums? Well, here were the Greens, 416 Landis Court, basement, rear, six children. That ought to be spectacular enough. She started to note the address on her memorandum. Again the telephone interrupted.

"I want a family with several small children," a woman's crisp voice instructed. "Seven! Oh, my no! That's too many. My husband and I both work. We can't do a great deal. But we want to be sure that what little we do is for some one really worthy, really appreciative, you know. And we don't want any family in which there is a man. My husband says that as long as a family has an able-bodied man in it, there's no use of it's being on charity.

"Walked the streets three months looking for work? Well, he certainly could have found a job in that time if he'd wanted it badly enough. No, I positively wouldn't have a family in which there was a big, lazy hulk of a man sitting around. And remember, too, I'd like a good American Protestant family."

The Christmas Editor went on with her list. Here were the Asendos. They lived in a one-room shack, the eight of them. She could hear Mrs. Seymour saying, ". . . and they were so grateful it was quite touching. And, my dear, that youngest child was running around with not even a stitch of clothing on—not even a *stitch*."

However, they were Mexicans.

The telephone rang imperiously. Mrs. Flintom had been to see her family, No. 67, the Gillapps. "I just can't see that anything can be done for such people," she complained. "They are filthy—positively filthy. I never saw such a sight in my life. There is no excuse for that. Any one can at least be clean. Water's free and soap's cheap, I always say. And do you know, poor as they are, they keep a *dog*? Yes, sir, there was a big fat dog curled up on the one bed in the house. I can't see (*Continued on page* 324)

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Prohibition and Public Health

By

HAVEN EMERSON, M.D.

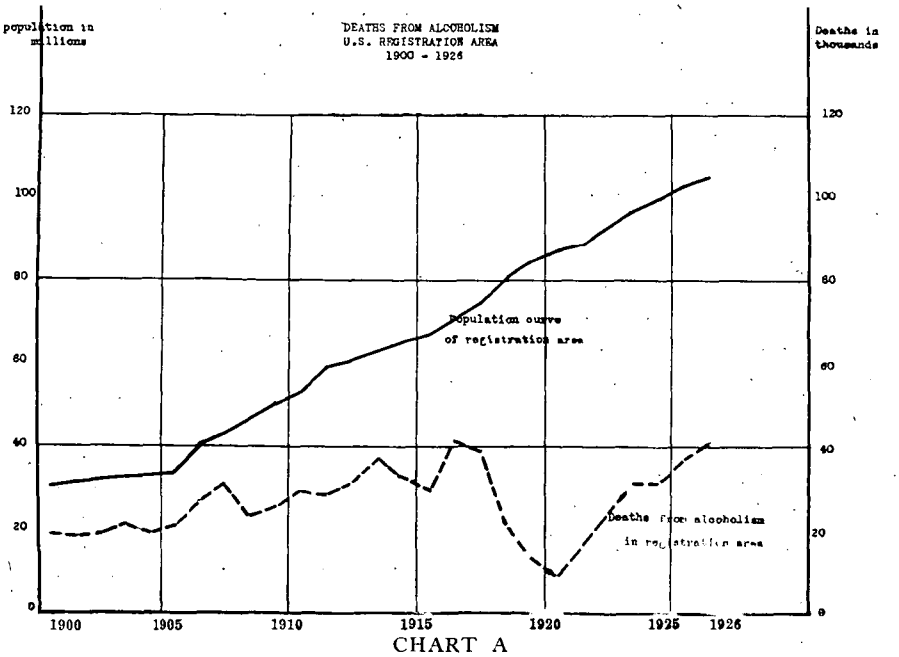

CHART A

EVIDENCE of the changes in the prevalence of sickness and the frequency of death from those causes related directly or indirectly to excessive or habitual use of alcoholic beverages following restrictive legislation is difficult to obtain in any country, and particularly so in the United States for the past twenty years, because of the changes which have occurred in the industry, wealth, standards of living, and social habits of the people from other causes.

While it is not possible to prove that all the reduction of sickness and death-rates, and all the benefits to the home and the family which have been widely observed throughout the United States in recent years, have resulted from the outlawing of the commercial traffic in alcoholic beverages, it is both evident, and wholly reasonable to believe, that the greatest single influence not previously brought to bear upon the conditions of life in our country, which has caused in whole or in part the improved security of life, the greater material wealth and better standards of the family and the home, especially among the mass of wage-earners and particularly as affecting women and young people, has been the reduction in the use of alcohol for beverage purposes. These effects, so far as sickness and death records are concerned, were most striking and of great importance in the first two years of national prohibition.

Following the sudden and unprecedented drop in deaths and sicknesses which came immediately upon the taking effect of prohibition legislation, to be seen in the experience of the year 1920, there was a reaction, cultivated by lawbreakers of all kinds, and by large masses of persons especially in the eastern and northeastern cities and states, particularly those of foreign birth or parentage, which in part nullified the influence of the prohibition amendment and its enforcement act and caused a marked return towards the conditions which had prevailed before national prohibition.

At no time since 1920 have the conditions, social, medical, or economic, been as bad as they were prior to that date, except that in a few cities of the eastern coast, representing not more than 7 per cent of the entire population of the country, the death-rate from acute alcoholism has within the past two years nearly reached the pre-prohibition level.

Evidence as to the hygienic benefits of national prohibition to the people of the United States can be offered from the fields of statistical and social practice. This evidence is incomplete. A new technic is needed to discover those indices of improvement which will be accepted as reliable, in the same way that we may now judge of the causes of reduction in tuberculosis, a problem of sociology and sanitation quite as complicated in causes and results as is that of alcoholism.

The following are the more important items offered as evidence of benefits due chiefly if not wholly to the direct and indirect results of prohibition:

1 The death-rate from alcoholism fell to 19 per cent of the pre-prohibition rate and in spite of subsequent rises the rate is now less than 75 per cent of the pre-prohibition rate. Only in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, where the violations of the law have been most flagrant and public opinion strongly pro-alcohol, has the death-rate from alcoholism in any single year since the pre-prohibition era equalled the average rate of the last seven pre-prohibition years.

2 The death-rate from cirrhosis of the liver fell to 54.3 per cent and has never been nearer than 57.4 per cent of the pre-prohibition rate.

3 The general death-rate (all ages, all causes) has for the entire post-prohibition period been at a lower level than in any single year before prohibition.

4 The reduction in the general death-rate has been more marked for women up to thirty-five and for both sexes under twenty than for the population as a whole.

5 The tuberculosis death-rate has fallen at all ages and for both sexes and for both whites and Negroes faster than for any previous period.

6 Admissions to mental-disease hospitals for alcoholic psychoses have been at a lower rate in proportion to all

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admissions since prohibition than for any previous similar period of time.

7 There has been apparently a reduction in the incidence of cases of drug addiction, coming under hospital care, at the same time that there has been a reduction in hospital admissions for acute alcoholism.

8 There has been an actual increase (in terms of the value of the dollar in 1913) in the savings, insurance policies and assets of building-and-loan associations per capita of the population at a rate not previously experienced.

9 There has been less delinquency from alcoholism.

10 There have been fewer crimes against chastity.

11 There has been less brutality to and neglect of children in their homes because of alcoholism.

12 A smaller fraction of all material relief is now needed because of alcoholism as a cause of dependency.

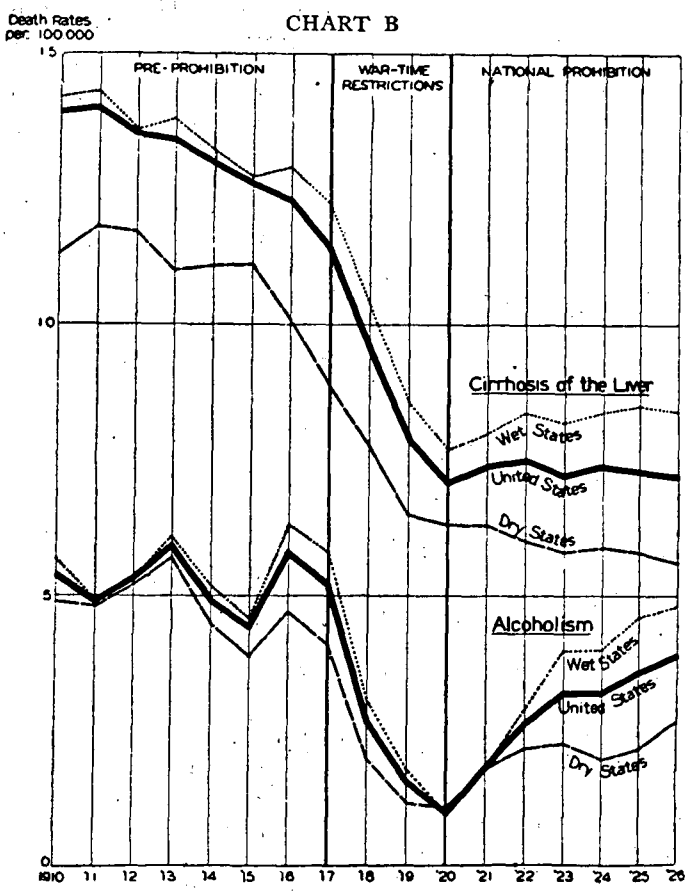
13 There has been an increase in the proportion of all children who have continued in school beyond the minimum grades required by law.

14 A large proportion of the commercial, philanthropic, state and other institutions for the care of alcoholic patients have been closed since prohibition.

15 The conditions of the aged and infirm in county and other poor farms have improved and the mean ages of almshouse inmates have increased from forty-four to sixty-six years among men and from thirty-three to sixty-one among women inmates.

16 There has been an increase in the per capita consumption of milk and milk products at a faster rate than during any similar period before prohibition.

CHART B



Mortality due to alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver in the United States

THE experience of the entire registration area as reported upon by the Bureau of the Census at Washington from 1910 to 1926 is given in Table 1 as the death-rates per hundred thousand population for alcoholism and for cirrhosis of the liver. (It is the custom in dealing with studies of this kind in the United States to refer to the years 1910-16 as the average pre-prohibition years, 1917-19 as those so affected by the War and by the influenza epidemic as to be irrelevant, and the period 1920-26+ as being the years of the prohibition era.)

The figures upon which these rates are based are as given in Table 2 (page 291), together with Chart A (page 289), illustrating the actual population and deaths, and Chart B giving the rates for the United States as a whole and for the two groups of states where sentiment is for and against prohibition, i.e., dry states and wet states.

The rise of alcoholism as a cause of death to its pre-prohibition levels in the Middle and North Atlantic states is due directly to the systematic destruction by the liquor interests and their adherents, chiefly among the foreign-born of the cities, of the benefits which occurred at once in this region as elsewhere in the country in 1920.

The death-rate from alcoholism in 1926, in this wet section of the United States, was 73 per cent of the annual average rate during the pre-prohibition period (1911-17) for all registration states, while for the other sections of the country it was as follows:

	Per cent
West North Central	52
West South Central	34
South Atlantic	61
East South Central	29
Mountain States	54
Pacific Division	65

In the dry states, the rate stays low; in the wet states it has risen.

Table 1. Death-rates per 100,000 population, U. S. registration area

Year	Alcoholism		Cirrhosis of the liver	
1910	5.4		13.9	
1911	4.9		14.0	
1912	5.3		13.5	
1913	5.9	Average 5.21	13.4	Average 13.24
1914	4.9		13.0	
1915	4.4		12.6	
1916	5.8		12.3	
1917	5.2		11.4	
1918	2.7		9.6	
1919	1.6		7.9	
1920	1.0		7.1	
1921	1.8		7.4	
1922	2.6		7.5	
1923	3.2	Average 2.75	7.2	Average 7.30
1924	3.2		7.4	
1925	3.6		7.3	
1926	3.9		7.2	

In the states where the alcoholism death-rate is high, it can be reduced best by voluntary reduction in the drinking of alcoholic beverages. The commercial traffic in beverage alcohols has been outlawed. It is not likely to return. Benefits from the present law have been widespread and of considerable degree, but not uniform or everywhere permanent.

Those most benefited from the hygienic point of view have been the wage-earners and their families, and particularly all persons under twenty and women in the age groups up to thirty-five.

In spite of the attendant inconveniences and disturbances

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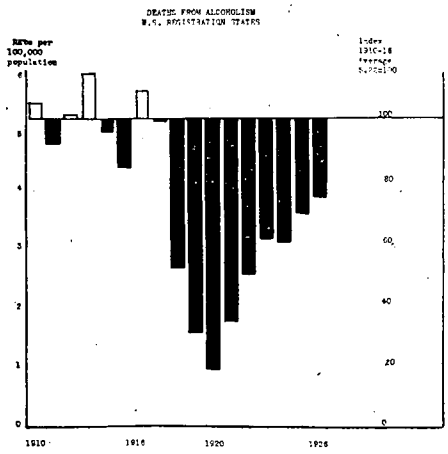

CHART C

of peace and order following the national prohibition legislation, the reduction in the use of beverage alcohol accomplished by the Eighteenth Amendment has been of great benefit to the great majority of the people of the United States. Education is now needed to complete the work which the law expresses in principle.

Charts C and D represent graphically the changes in the death-rates in the registration area on the basis of the average rates 1910-16.

Futhermore there is evidence that already among the white population the death-rates from alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver, which have been rising or remaining stationary for several years past, have begun to decline, as for instance in the experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company with its seventeen million industrial policy-holders, among whom the death-rate from alcoholism per hundred thousand for the first quarter of the past three years has been

January to March, 1926	3.8
January to March, 1927	3.0
January to March, 1928	2.8

a reduction of 26.3 per cent in two years; and the rate for cirrhosis of the liver

January to March, 1927	6.5
January to March, 1928	5.9

a reduction of 9.2 per cent in one year.

There is no exception in any one of the nine great regions of continental United States to the statement that the annual average death-rate from cirrhosis of the liver was lower in the period 1920-26 than in the period 1917-19 and still further below the rate of 1910-16, while there are significant differences in the behavior of the death-rates from alcoholism according to the public sentiment and degree of failure of law enforcement in the various regions of the country as follows:

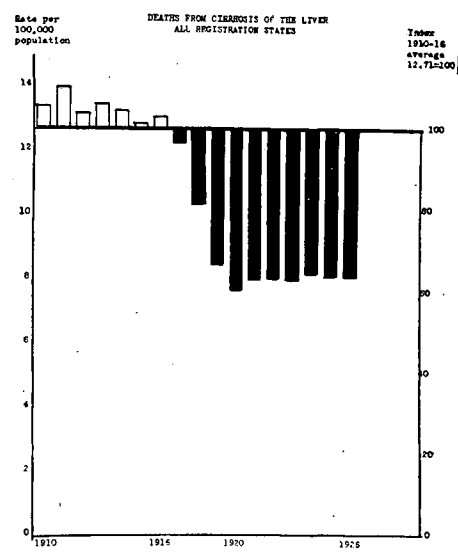

CHART D

In those parts of the country where there had been no effective restrictive legislation by the states against commercial traffic in beverage alcohol prior to prohibition, and active obstruction to enforcement of national prohibition (i.e. the wet states), the increase in the death-rate from alcoholism has almost reached the average rate of the years 1910-1917; while in the regions where there was strong prohibition sentiment as shown by pre- and post-prohibition state enforcement legislation, the death-rates from alcoholism have maintained a level about half that of the pre-prohibition period.

The gross picture of reduction in alcoholic deaths can be expressed as follows: That in 1916 there were 4,161 deaths from alcoholism among 71,984,498 population in the registration area; and in 1926 there were 4,106 deaths from this cause among a population in the registration area of 105,000,000. Or it might be said that about 33,000,000 people lived in the registration area of the United States in 1926 with no loss of life from alcoholism, while the remainder of the population continued in its previous habits of self-destruction.

The reduction of the level of the general death-rate is sudden and has remained remarkably stable, as will be seen from Table 3. No change of similar degree has occurred in any equivalent period in our history.

Special consideration has been given to analysis of the general death-rate by Louis I. Dublin. While the most

Table 2. Mortality from alcoholism in the U. S. registration area

Year	Population in registration area	Alcoholism deaths all ages, registration area
1900	30,765,618	1,962
1901	31,370,952	1,870
1902	32,029,815	1,943
1903	32,701,083	2,163
1904	33,345,163	1,927
1905	34,052,201	2,106
1906	41,983,419	2,707
1907	43,016,990	3,130
1908	46,789,913	2,348
1909	50,870,518	2,578
1910	53,831,742	2,909
1911	59,183,071	2,875
1912	60,359,974	3,183
1913	63,200,625	3,744
1914	65,813,315	3,257
1915	67,095,681	2,945
1916	71,349,162	4,161
1917	74,984,498	3,907
1918	81,333,675	2,193
1919	85,166,043	1,367
1920	87,486,713	900
1921	88,667,602	1,611
1922	93,241,643	2,467
1923	96,986,371	3,148
1924	99,200,298	3,155
1925	103,108,000	3,694
1926	105,500,000	4,109

Table 3. Reduction in the general death-rate for the registration area, all causes, all ages, per 1,000 of population

Year	Death-rate	
1910	15.0	
1911	14.2	
1912	13.9	
1913	14.1	Average 14.06
1914	13.6	
1915	13.6	
1916	14.0	
1917	14.3	
1918	18.1	
1919	12.9	
1920	13.1	
1921	11.6	
1922	11.8	
1923	12.3	Average 12.09
1924	11.8	
1925	11.8	
1926	12.2	

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convenient, reliable, and centrally accessible evidence of changes of living conditions are to be found in the general death-rates, these records are far too crude to be used exclusively for analysis of the effects of prohibition on the hygiene of people in the United States. However, from an analysis of death-rates by sex and age, Dr. Dublin has brought out some of the most convincing evidence that prohibition has been a factor in improving the security and length of life, particularly of women and children.

His evidence must be accepted as ultra-conservative and not representative of the population as a whole since he uses only the registration area of 1900, which includes the largest and most active anti-prohibition groups and centers of foreign-born population in the country, i.e. the northeastern and northern industrial states and cities, particularly of the northern seaboard, where only 25 per cent of the population is rural. Over 48 per cent of the entire population is rural, and among these people, chiefly of native-born stock, the sentiment and observance of prohibition is strongest.

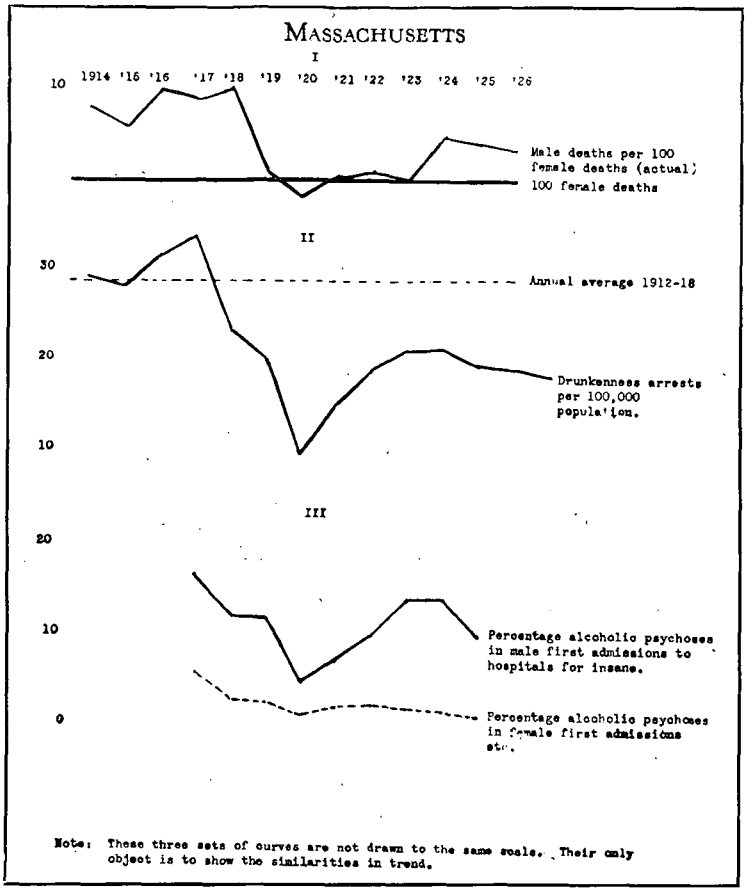

MASSACHUSETTS
I
1914 '15 '16 '17 '18 '19 '20 '21 '22 '23 '24 '25 '26
Male deaths per 100 female deaths (actual)
100 female deaths
II
Annual average 1912-18
Drunkenness arrests per 100,000 population.
III
Percentage alcoholic psychoses in male first admissions to hospitals for insane.
Percentage alcoholic psychoses in female first admissions etc.
Note: These three sets of curves are not drawn to the same scale. Their only object is to show the similarities in trend.

CHART E

Dublin finds a very sharp drop in the death-rate of children (boys and girls) from one to four years of age beginning in 1921, and a similar but not quite so great a fall in the death-rates at ages five to nine, ten to fourteen, and fifteen to nineteen. This decline for females continues up to the age of thirty-five, while it ceases for males at age twenty-five. To quote from Dr. Dublin's paper in the American Journal of Public Health, January, 1928:

> We may safely say that over half the total population has experienced a very favorable mortality during recent years, and these facts are consistent with an assumption that the conditions of life during the period of the new legislation have been beneficial to a large part of the public. . . .
>
> There has been a saving each year since prohibition of about 14,500 children under the age of five years, another 2,000 each year between the ages of five and ten years, and another 1,000 between the ages of ten and twenty years, or a total of approximately 17,500 young lives a year,

or since 1920 something over 140,000 lives of persons under twenty-one years of age.

Table 4. Percentage of change in tuberculosis death-rate per 100,000 for males of the ages under five years and fifteen to sixty-four years

Under five years		15-64 years		
1910-16	1920-26	1910-16	1920-26	
—24%	—35%	—11%	—24%	New Jersey
—12%	—47%	+13%	—40%	Rhode Island
— 6%	—27%	— 3%	—24%	Wisconsin
+21%	—11%	— 1%	—13%	Maryland
—19%	—38%	— 7%	—24%	New York

While other factors have contributed to this result, all sanitarians and hygienists will agree with Dublin that

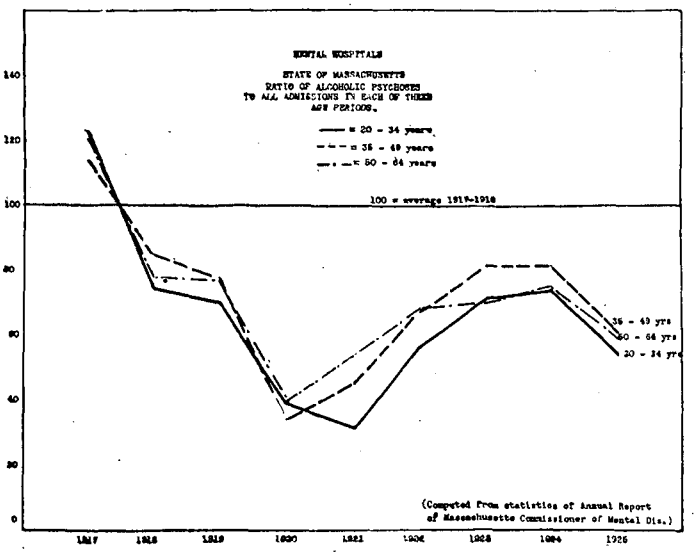
> The whole picture is consistent with and may well be expected to have arisen (to an appreciable degree) from better conditions within the home, such as more and better food, better medical service, and better housing. . . .
>
> The conditions of domestic life during the last few years have been such as to add incentive and power to the forces already at work to make for better health and larger life in these divisions of the population [i.e., women and young people].
>
> It is universally observed that the housewife has more money to spend on the necessities of the household, on food, on clothing, and on shelter, to a degree that has never before been possible for so many.

The observation is universally made by social and health workers throughout the country that that part of the wages which prior to prohibition "went to the purchase of liquor is now largely diverted into channels which mean increased protection and welfare for the family."

As an evidence of the probable direct causal relationship between the changes in the use of alcoholic beverages and the reduction in the excess male over female mortality rates, the record of arrests for drunkenness, and admissions for alcoholic psychoses to mental hospitals, is given for Massachusetts in Chart E.

THE tuberculosis death-rate has fallen in the seven years of prohibition (1920-26) at a faster rate than at any previous period in our history, even though the rate of fall in the seven years prior to (*Continued on page 327*)

CHART F


MENTAL HOSPITALS
STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS
RATIO OF ALCOHOLIC PSYCHOSES
TO ALL ADMISSIONS IN EACH OF THREE
AGE PERIODS.
20 - 34 years
35 - 49 years
50 - 64 years
100 = average 1914-1918
35 - 49 yrs
50 - 64 yrs
20 - 34 yrs
(Computed from statistics of Annual Report of Massachusetts Commissioner of Mental Dis.)

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Pull

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

WE'D see the ward boss break into court, butt through the cops, the clerks and the crowd right up to the bench, and, sticking his ugly mug into the judge's, whisper. And some guilty prisoner would get off. Every time. Day after day it happened. It was pull, and it looked bad, to me; till one morning the judge balked and his boss, who had "made him," worked himself red in the neck before a tough young thief was saved from justice. That day I followed the boss out into the street.

"Say, Tim," I said, "tell me—honest now—what was the song you gave the judge in there that made him dance like that and turn out that young—friend of yours?"

"Why," said Tim, surprised, "that wasn't no song an' dance. That was straight goods I give him. All I says was that th' boy was a thief all right. I says, 'That's right, Judge,' says I, 'this is his fifth offense. And I'm afraid, Judge,' I says, 'I'm afraid it's no use. Your best bet is we can't save him. But,' I says, 'he ain't no professional, Judge, not yet,' says I, 'not like you and me, Judge,' I says. And he ain't, see? 'And,' says I to th' judge, 'Judge,' I says, 'his mother and me an' a lot of us down in th' ward, we kind o' hate to get him made one. And you know, Judge,' I says, 'you know they'll learn him th' trade an' put him on th' bum regular up to th' reformatory. So,' I says, 'we—we're all askin' for one more try-out, see?' says I. 'We'll watch him,' I says, 'if you'll let him go once more,' I says. And I will, see? 'I will,' I says, 'an' his mother will.' And, say, you bet his mother will. 'And,' says I to the judge, 'th' cops will. All th' cops has given me their word of honor they won't arrest that kid again if they can possibly help it. But we all 'll watch out and help, Judge,' I says.

"And he says—th' judge, he got sarcastic-like,an' mean—you know, the way they get when they get on th' bench. And I didn't deny what he says. 'No,' I says, 'you may be right, Judge,' I says, patient-like an' easy. 'No,' I says, 'I ain't givin' no guarantees; not today. Nope. It looks bad,' I says, 'hopeless an'—and all that all right. This is th' fifth time he's been caught stealing, that kid. So it's a one-to-five shot,' I says, 'but hell, Judge,' I says, 'one-to-five—that's not a bad sportin' proposition; not to a real sport, Judge,' I says. 'An' we might win, Judge,' I says, 'me an' his old woman, an' th' other kids, an' th' cops, an'—and you, Judge,' I says. See? 'Let's take a chance, Barney,' I says—you know—insinuating-like.

"And he—he says—I hate to tell you what the judge said, the way he said it. He got sarcastic-like again. He was pretty coarse. You know. He—but, oh well, never mind what he said. He done it all right. He done what I said, the way you see. See? He turned th' kid out, and—that's about all, I guess."

"Is it?" said I. Not that I doubted his word. No. I had been watching Tim's face all along; noticing how it changed. It was ugly to start with and then, gradually—well, toward the end, it wasn't so ugly. It was kind of—kind. But, you know. I had to say something, so I said: "Is it? Is that really all you said, Tim? Honest?"

"Honest to God," he says, honest-like and surprised. "Why? What did you think I said? What would you 'a said to a judge about a kid like that?"

"Oh, nothing," I said to Tim, "but to myself I said: "Say, honest now, Tim's ugly mug isn't so ugly, is it? There's something kind of—"

And then, just then his face changed again; it changed back. It became ugly and his language. He was looking around for that boy-thief, and the thief had stolen away. Tim spoke of it. I hate to tell you just what Tim said, the way he said it. And I won't. It was pretty coarse, so all I'll say is that Tim wondered where that kid was keeping himself.

"Why, Tim?" I asked. "What do you want him for?" And Tim answered:

"Oh, nothing much," he says, "only I give th' judge my word I'd boot that sneakin' little thief all th' way back home to th' ward. See?" he says.

And I to Tim, "I see," I said, but—honest now—I didn't, not much. All I "see" was that maybe it wasn't Tim; maybe it was "pull" that looked so kind of—you know—not so ugly, not so bad. See? And honest now, honest to goodness it ain't. Is it?

NO? You don't see what I mean? Well—I see what you mean. I'll tell you another, a story Brand Whitlock told me once about a fellow that called on him after he was elected mayor of Toledo. He was a bum, this fellow, and a little drunk. He walked into the mayor's office, drew up a chair to the mayor's desk and he began:

"Brand," he began, "tell me now, what do you stand for?"

The mayor did not know this fellow, could not remember ever meeting him before, and, besides, he was busy, so he said:

"Sorry, I can't tell you that, Bill. It would take too long, and—"

"Ah say," said the bum. "That won't take any time. You ought to be able to say it in one word."

"Oh, well," the mayor answered, "if I had to put it into one word, I'd say that I stood for—for—justice."

"Oh no," the bum protested, his face expressing shock, disappointment and disgust. "Oh, no, you don't stand for justice. Pity I voted for you and I'd never have been for you if I thought you stood for justice. Justice is fierce. If I got justice I'd get nothing much and d'you know, I don't think even you'd like it if you got justice. No, not justice, Brand—don't say that you stand for justice."

"Very well, then," the mayor said, "if you don't like my one word, tell me what is yours? What do you think I stand for?"

"Why, I don't know," the bum said, confused and puzzled. "It ain't for me to say, but I'll tell you. I've always had a kind of a stinkin' notion that you stood for—for mercy."

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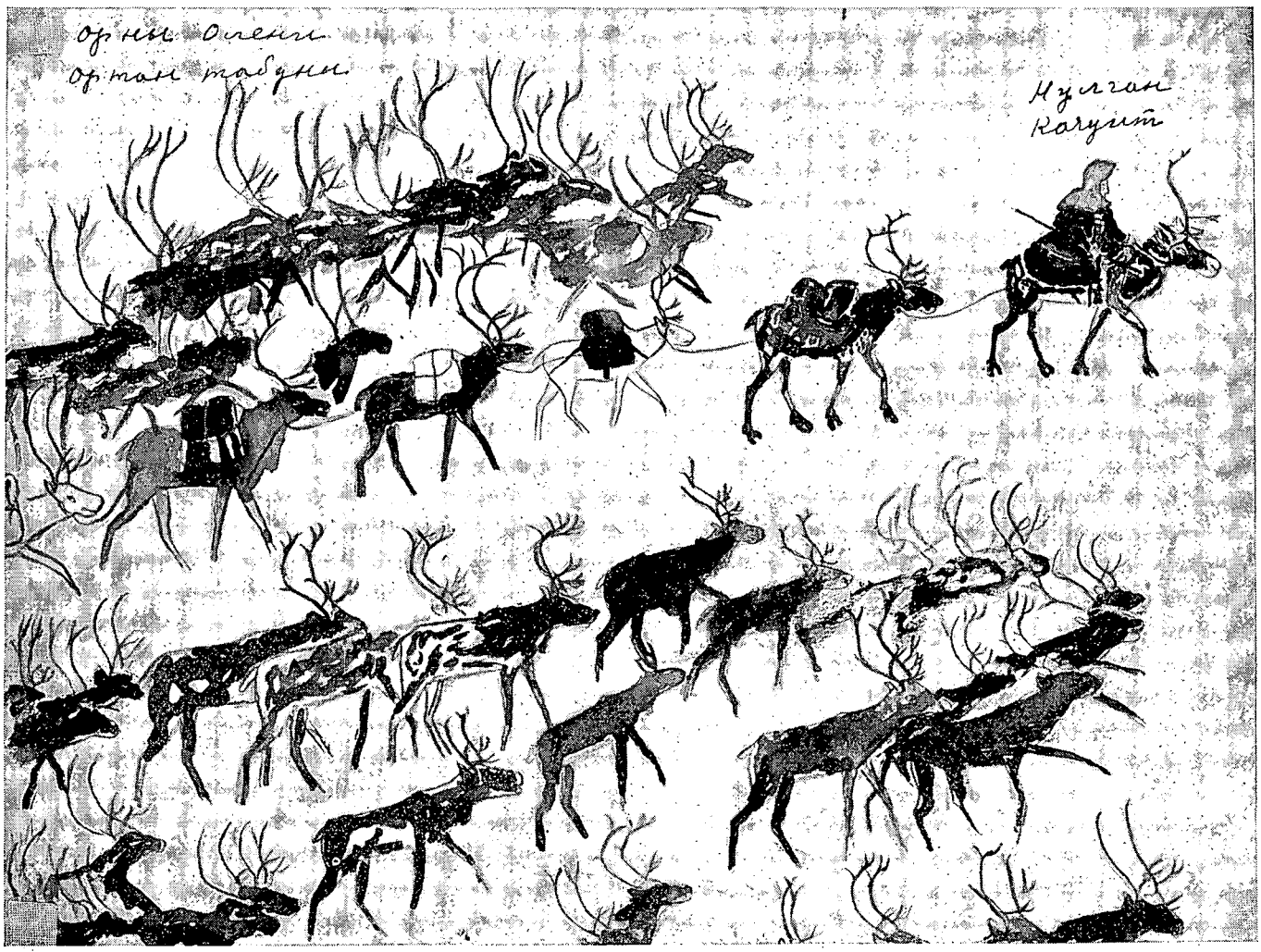

Across a Hundred Centuries

HERE are pictures by sons of those hunters who followed the game as the ice age receded across the Europe of ten thousand years ago till they reached the frozen lands of northeastern Siberia. The outside world scarcely touched their scattered tribes. Given modern materials for the first time, they portray men and animals of the Arctic with the amazing skill and vividness that we find in the art of their long-ago ancestors on cave walls in France. Above, a reindeer caravan, in wash and water color; left, a bear hunt, in wash and pencil. On the page opposite, pen and ink drawings of some birds and small creatures of the tundra.

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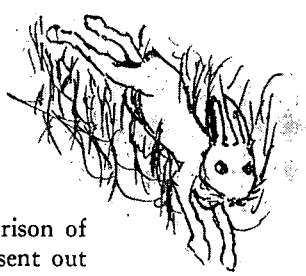
The Greatest Shaman of the Chukchee

An Interview with Waldemar G. Bogoras, Who Has Carried the Twentieth Century into the Ice Age

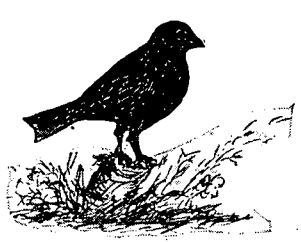
By BEULAH AMIDON

SCHOOLS in rooms underground floored with walrus hide, schools that follow roaming reindeer herds, teacher and pupils riding side by side across the untracked snow, schools for people who have neither book nor alphabet, schools that knit lost men of the late stone age into the fabric of this century's most daring political experiment, teachers whose only link with their own world is radio calling faintly across six thousand miles of dwindling civilization and icy waste—this is the story of far-flung educational experiment beyond the Arctic Circle told by Dr. Waldemar G. Bogoras of Leningrad University who is in this country as a delegate to the recent Americanist Congress in New York.

Thirty-five years ago Waldemar Bogoras, then scarcely twenty-five years old, toiled across the arid hinterlands of the Russian empire, to begin a ten-year sentence of "exile to the Arctic." The boy had been arrested first for his radical activities when he was twelve years old. That time he was merely questioned and let go. As a young revolutionary journalist, just out of the university, he had spent a year and a half in jail. After his next arrest, in December, 1886, he was for two years in jail and for three years in the fortress of Peter and Paul, the most notorious prison of the old regime, before he was sent out with sixty comrades to travel for eighteen months by train, by boat, by reindeer and dog-sledge and on foot, thousands of miles from the world he knew, back into the civilization of the Europe of ten thousand years ago.



Dr. Bogoras came to the United States a few weeks ago as president of the Ethnographical Section of the Geographical Faculty of Leningrad University, and as the author of important books, monographs and reports in his special field. His scientific life began in those years of exile.



There are some thirty tribes of primitive people, ranging the vast territory from the north border of Finland to Bering Straits. The tribes vary in size from 2,500 to 25,000 members. Each tribe is broken into smaller groups or clans that hunt, fish or herd reindeer together. A century and a half ago the Cossacks tried to subdue them, but it was costly and futile warfare and these "Lesser Nationalities of the North and Northeast" have largely been left to govern themselves by their own ancient rites and customs, seldom disturbed by contacts with the rest of the world. They have no written languages and no literature. Their religion is a web of old practices and traditions, shot through with child-like fears of hunger, loneliness, cold and the unknown. They are descendants of hunters of the late stone age who followed the game as it wandered northward and eastward before the receding ice age, until they reached the empty tundra, the north-flowing rivers, the gray north Pacific and the Arctic seas.

Dr. Bogoras says, "The feeling of defeat lies heavily upon an exile. To occupy our minds, we began to study the natives. From the time we came among them we began to imbibe ethnography."

Dr. Bogoras is not a large man, but he is vigorous and compact and active. His decisions are swift and logical. It is easy to imagine how, thirty-five years ago, he was the leader among his comrades in establishing some sort of endurable existence in those far places where only reindeer-moss and lichens, stunted larch and shrubby willows grow.

"There were sixty of us," Dr. Bogoras reminded me, "and we were without supplies. We had to learn of the natives to hunt and fish, and catch geese and swans with nets. They taught us how to travel across the tundra to trade with the Chukchee, who are the best reindeer breeders in Siberia. In the winters we went far up the Kolyma River to cut wood, because there is no fuel on the tundra. In the summers we floated the precious wood down the river in great rafts. We even built houses of logs."

Dr. Bogoras married one of his co-exiles, but he temporarily left his wife and comrades for

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even remoter exile, living for three years among the Chukchee, a tribe made up in part of villagers along the Arctic coast, between Cape Yakan and East Cape, and in part of inland reindeer herders. The Academy of Science in Leningrad had begged Dr. Bogoras to study these unknown people. A German had tried to learn their languages and customs and had failed. They had never been visited by a Russian scientist.

A group of Chukchee pupils studying ethnography with Dr. Bogoras in the Institute for the Lesser Nationalities in Leningrad

"The only way to know a primitive people is to live with them," Dr. Bogoras says. "You must eat with them, sleep with them, hunt with them, hunger with them, take part in their contests, share in their ceremonials, know the days and nights, the changing seasons, camp and travel as they know them. You must not be more comfortable nor less comfortable, not richer nor poorer, not weaker nor stronger. You must be of them. And then, perhaps, you will know them."

The first great difficulty was the language. No white man had ever spoken it.

"I had to work out the grammar. Then I gave them an alphabet. I learned their incantations and shared their religious rites. I was considered the greatest shaman (medicine man) among them. The people—particularly young men eager to have special power—would come to me, begging, 'Look in the white shaman (my note book). Find out what I must do and tell me.'

Four members of the Chukchee group, dressed in their native costume which they seldom wear while they are in Leningrad

"The last two years of my exile I could have made my way across Bering Straits to America with the help of the Chukchee. But I had become an ethnographer. My only ambition was to get back to the Academy with my material. They were equally eager to have me. It was through the Academy that I finally got home again. Once back in Leningrad, I found that that was no longer 'home.' The tundra was in my blood. I wanted the Arctic. By birth I belong to the Black Sea region where peaches grow out-of-doors. But the far North is my real fatherland. I had to return to it."

He did return, making the long, difficult journey three times. As he learned more of these almost unknown "lesser nationalities" of the North, Dr. Bogoras began to make plans for his "fatherland." For the young revolutionist was not lost in the ethnographer. There persisted the passion for human betterment that had driven the boy to prison and exile "for the sake of the revolution." When, at long last, the revolution came, it gave him opportunity to make real some of these plans for his people.

In 1924 the Committee for the Assistance of the Lesser Nationalities of the North and Northeast was set up. P. G. Smidovitch is its president. Dr. Bogoras is the "scientific leader," with both scientific and administrative powers. The committee's budget for this year is $2,500,000. This committee expresses the same fine balance between social revolution and science that characterizes the individual work of Dr. Bogoras.

"In all that we do we keep two things in mind: We must help the people and we must learn from them. We must give them a safer and better way of life. But we must study them in order to preserve all they can teach us of the very old culture they represent."

The committee has already set going a complex program of social organization and control. All taxes and tribute from these scattered tribes have been abrogated. Compulsory military service has been indefinitely suspended.

Trade has been resumed. "These northern people," Dr. Bogoras explains, "depend on the outside world for many necessities like guns and ammunition, cloth and medicines. During the War and the period of civil war, none of these things filtered in to them along the Siberian trade routes as they had done for generations. Whole tribes were starving because without guns and ammunition they had to go back to their primitive bows and arrows, and with these they could not kill their usual supply of meat. Even the fisher-groups suffered hunger, because they had no nets."

Reindeer breeding is being put on a scientific basis, as it is in Alaska. The first Alaskan reindeer were purchased from the Chukchee thirty years ago, partly through the good offices of Dr. Bogoras. The Alaskan industry has prospered. Its herds now total half a million animals. Reindeer breeding has always been one of the chief resources of northern Siberia and, with trapping, its only industry. "There are now about three million reindeer in Russia," Dr. Bogoras states, "and it is important that the 'lesser nationalities' keep their leadership in reindeer husbandry. We are making a study of reindeer diseases. We have arranged a system of livestock credit and distribution, and we shall soon put into effect state insurance for reindeer herds."

Akin to this is the regulation and protection of hunting and fishing. "When these primitive tribes hunt they never exterminate," Dr. Bogoras says of his Arctic friends. "It is only civilized hunters who let greed get the better of humanity and common sense, as they are doing in sections of Canada and in Labrador. We are establishing great reservations for fur-bearing animals in which only the natives may hunt. Russians and other 'foreigners' must keep out. In this way, the tribes are not deprived of one of their few resources and at the same time the numbers of fur-bearing animals—sables, foxes, ermines, squirrels

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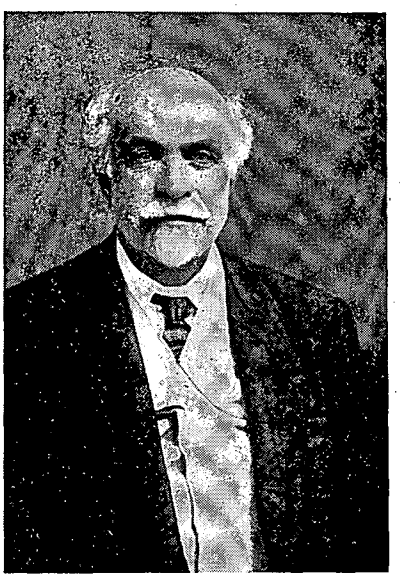
and others—are actually increasing."

But it is when he speaks of the program of education for these people of the far North that Dr. Bogoras kindles with high enthusiasm. Education is, to the new Russia, the "way out" for all social dilemmas. To Dr. Bogoras it is also the meeting-place of the two currents of his life interest. Through schools these people of his remote "fatherland" can best be served, and thus, too, he and his scientific co-workers can best study their languages, customs and beliefs.

The beginning of education in our twentieth-century sense for the "lesser nationalities" of Siberia was made when Dr. Bogoras worked out the grammar of the Chukchee language and gave it an alphabet. His co-exile, Dr. W. Jochelson, performed similar service for the Yukaghir.



Dr. Waldemar G. Bogoras, an adventurer among the unknown peoples of the Arctic

The educational program is rooted both in the Arctic regions, where sixty elementary schools have been started, and in Leningrad, where the committee has established an institute for the Lesser Nationalities. The Siberian schools serve as cultural centers for the tribes and also as headquarters for students sent from Leningrad University to the north for ethnographic study and practice. The institute now offers a chance for study and contact with modern European life, to three hundred young men and women a year from the thirty-odd tribes, and at the same time puts their culture within reach of ethnologists of the university who wish to study it. Both the institute and the university departments sending out students to the scattered Arctic schools have their part in training a corps of young men and women equipped to act as teachers and government administrators among the peoples of the North and Northeast, and to carry on scientific study of the tribes. "But we do not forget," Dr. Bogoras states, "that a half-illiterate native can do more as an administrator among his own people than the best-prepared Russian we can send out. We believe some of the natives will make able scientists, too. You cannot think how eager they are to study, how they hunger and thirst for education, how they fling themselves into the business of learning."

The institute accepts only students from the "lesser nationalities." It takes no Russians and no students of the so-called "greater nationalities"—Yakut, Buriat, Zyrian. It was started only four years ago. The first year it had only 60 students, the second, 160, the third, 190. This year there are 300, 30 of them women, from 24 tribes. The students come from Bering Straits, from Kamchatka, and from the tundra. For some of them, getting to Leningrad means months of travel, sometimes a year and a half.

"Ten per cent of them come alone, no one knows how. They drop on my head out of nowhere, with no papers, often unable to speak a word of Russian. Think of what that journey means—first they travel on skis, then by dog-sled, then riding reindeer, then driving reindeer, then by canoe, then by steamer, usually the first steamer they have ever seen in their lives. So at last they reach the railroad, and for them the railroad is a thing out of a fable. They are from twelve to thirty years old, those who make this journey. A few of the older ones may even bring a wife and a baby with them.

"We have to meet many curious difficulties in the institute. For instance, these people are used only to a meat-and-fish diet. They have never seen bread. They have never in their lives eaten any vegetable food, except possibly willow fiber in time of famine. They have no resistance to our Western germs. Our most ordinary household contrivance—a sewing machine, a door knob, a bureau drawer—is to them a wonderful invention. They are ten thousand years away from modern civilization and they want to catch up in a year or two. A few years ago the Chukchee cared as little for education as the polar foxes do. Now it is a passion with them. One of my boys spent every waking hour over his books. He would strike his head on the edge of the table, crying, 'O, stupid head, why don't you let the learning in? I will make a hole in you, and

The teacher on the tundra helped the boys construct a radio, mostly from cooking utensils his wife had carried with her from Europe

Radio was magic to those people. When they caught voices from the outside world, they were sure they heard spirits talking

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perhaps I can pour in some learning that way!' At night he put under his pillow a Russian book and a Chukchee book, 'so the words will run together and mix in my head.' And yet in three months after he came to Leningrad he was speaking fluent Russian.

"In the two years we let them stay at the institute, these students learn reading, writing, arithmetic, some algebra, and Russian constitution and law. Instead of bothering them with formal history and literature, we teach them ethnography—the different cultures of the world, their relationships to one another, the main steps in their development. This is not just 'book learning.' We try in every way to give it roots in their own lives.

"A twenty-year-old boy who came to the institute without knowing a word of Russian set me to work on special text-books for them. This boy would take a Russian school-book and copy it, letter by letter, word by word, without a single mistake and without understanding one syllable of all he wrote. Then he would bring it to me and say, 'Translate for me!' One day he met me on the steps with forty pages he had written out. The first line was, 'Come, let us cut the corn and put the sheaves in the racks.' This was a book for Russian rural school children. But how could I put it into Chukchee, which has no word for corn, none for sheaves and none for racks? And how could I explain it to a boy who had no conception of what any of these things might be? To him, bread was a mineral substance taken from the ground. I said, 'I cannot, my son, I cannot.' He flew into a rage. 'You are selfish!' he shouted. 'You are like all the other Russians. You come to us. You ask many questions. We tell you all our words and all our ways. Then I ask you the meaning of one line and you say you cannot!' Just then a little cat ran along the street. They do not have cats in the Arctic. Any cat brought there is torn in pieces by the sledge dogs. I pointed to the little creature and asked, 'Tell me, what is that?' He did not like to confess he did not know what it was, and that in his language there was no name for that animal. So he said, 'Oh, that is a squirrely-fox.' But he understood then that there were words in Russian for which no one could find Chukchee words. He had also made me realize the need of these students for books containing material familiar to them. I worked for six months over a reading book in the Russian language, and finally completed one adapted to the ways of their material life, introducing reindeer breeding, fishing and hunting. Agriculture and industry appear only at the end, presented in a way to make the students understand these things which are so new to them. We now use this book both in the institute and in the schools in the North. Institute pupils made the illustrations for the book as they do for the little magazine they publish.

"I APPEALED to friends in Canada, the United States, South America and Denmark for similar text-books used in native schools. To my astonishment I found nothing. It is too much to introduce a boy simultaneously to a foreign language, the unfamiliar techniques of reading and to the ideas and customs of an utterly strange civilization. Now we are compiling books in their own languages. We have already published three for the northern tribes. The 'greater nationalities' have long since had their national schools (primary and secondary) in their own languages.

"These pupils have the keen observation and visual memory typical of primitive peoples. A boy who has never had a pen or pencil in his hand before will make a drawing so delicate that you must use a magnifying glass to get all the details. Many of their drawings are so fine the engraver cannot reproduce them. Another student with a brush and ink or paints will make such life-like men and animals that the whole scene seems almost to leap from the paper. It is interesting to compare the natural artistic expression of these people with the pictures on the walls of the ice-age caves in France. We have at the institute a very fine drawing teacher, with genuine appreciation of the native ability of the students. But they lose something when they take drawing lessons. I do not know whether contact with civilization makes them observe less keenly, or whether they become self-conscious, as children do in the process of growing up."

THE chief perils to these students from "beyond the Kolyma," in a modern European city, are disease and over-stimulation. They are kept under careful medical supervision during their stay at the institute. In the summer they are taken to the Archangel tundra or to the Kalmook prairies in the southern Volga country, where the climate is dry and there is no danger of disease. Even so, a few become critically ill from our common contagious diseases, or contract tuberculosis. There are cases of a boy becoming sick simply from the emotional strain involved in trying to step from the late stone age to twentieth-century Europe. Dr. Bogoras speaks with sadness of a student who lost his life in this adjustment.

"A Lapp boy who had dreamed of coming to Leningrad for a year, finally made the trip. He had sent word he was coming. When he did not arrive, we thought he had simply been delayed. After a day or two we tried to locate him. We found he had been picked up, delirious, on the station platform in Leningrad and taken to one of the hospitals. He died the same night. No one knew exactly what his sickness was, nor why he died. I do not know either, of course, but I think he died from the strain of his longing and from the excitement of finding himself in this strange world. It is as though we suddenly found ourselves on Mars or the moon. It was too much for him. It killed him."

One youth among those who have come the long, difficult way from the tundra to Leningrad, is to Dr. Bogoras set apart by his gifted mind and strong personality from all the others, "to be guarded as a living treasure."

"I found the boy on my doorstep one day. 'How are you, Grandpa Bogoras?' he greeted me in Russian. 'I am well, my grandson, and how are you?' 'Well, though I have traveled far.' We talked together. He had been sixteen months on the way to Leningrad. He had spent three months in one of the Soviet schools in Yakutsk. But I was amazed by how much he knew about me and about my life in exile, long ago. Finally I found he was the grandson of the interpreter who had traveled with Dr. Jochelson and me when we were exiles. From his grandfather and father he had heard of me as 'the greatest shaman.' At last he had set off alone across thousands of miles of unknown country to find me. By what miracle I do not know, he was well grounded in our western learning, so well grounded in fact that I was able to place him at once in the university. I cannot tell you how that boy worked! But at the end of two years he wanted to go back to his own people. He had a magnificent ambition. He is one of a little clan of about a hundred members, all that are left on the tundra of a once powerful tribe, now diminished and scattered by warfare, famine and disease. It was his dream to make the fifteen-thousand-mile journey from Leningrad to Vladivostok, up through Bering Straits from (*Continued on page* 321)

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Their difficulties were as varied as their temperaments, and all the girls were at odds with their parents

"What's the Idea?"

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Drawings by Dorothy Owen

THERE are several serious defects with this story. One is that there are too many heroines. Their names are Veronica Pishpash, Annie Szechewski, Eloise Shaw, Dorothy Patton, Mary Tiskey, and Gertie Glumph. Another difficulty is that the story does not end happily ever after. In fact it does not end at all. When I met them, all of these girls were, according to their own statement, "up in the air." And except for Veronica—who is a good fighter and seems to have made her escape, and poor Gertie—who came down with a crash, they are still up there. Their difficulties were as varied as their temperaments. But in a few essential respects all of them were the same. All of the girls were young.

All were at odds with their parents. And the solution of each of their problems depended largely upon money. Two of them (it is easy to guess which two) had too much money. The other four had too little. But curiously enough, these opposite causes seemed to produce exactly the same result: namely, that the victims considered themselves unjustly smothered by their relatives. All their financial crises came down to a clash between the major instincts: "What do we owe to our present family?" (Filial) "What to ourselves?" (Self-preserving) "What to the future family which is to be?" (Mating, and Parental). In the old days the ethical inquiry was put thus: "What is the chief end of man?" And the catechism was supposed to furnish an adequate, though somewhat vague, answer. The simpler phrasing of the same question, as put by the six girls was: "What's the idea?" and no one had furnished them any answer at all except to tell them to keep still, which they impatiently, vociferously and steadfastly declined to do.

Just what would be any one's idea of what they should have done with their instincts, their time, and their money, if all of them had been 100 per cent perfect, it is hard to say. The best we can do is to take them up, one by one, analyze what they did (which was invariably wrong) and, by a process of elimination, discover what they should have done if by some lucky chance they had done right. Sometimes two of the girls traveled in opposite directions, yet both led down the wrong road. Where is the middle course, if such exists? Can any one outline their duty? Is any one prepared to tell them "What's the idea?"

THE situation in the Pishpash family was complicated by its formidably regular growth. Yearly there was a new little Pishpash to feed. This meant of course that Mrs. Pishpash was increasingly occupied with the babies, and that the care of the older children and the general housework fell upon Veronica. She also had to earn money to help out. So she left school and got a factory job, which she was glad enough to do. But she had to hand over all her wages to her father, which she did not like so well. She was not very good at figures, but it gradually dawned on Veronica that she was doing not only one job but two, and was getting paid for neither. "Housework for that gang? Twelve a week easy," the girls assured her. "And twelve a week at the factory? There is a cool twenty-four you are handing over to your Dad, and what do you get? Your feed! That's always thrown in when you're the cook. It's a cinch your Dad is raising a family on your wages. Why don't he support his own kids if he wants so many?"

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Veronica bore it, was silent at the arrival of Joe (there were already five for her to clean up after), became restless over Mamie, and definitely rebellious over little Mike. Finally one sultry evening when her mother told her that Mike was not to be the last, Veronica had a brainstorm.

It happened that she was then, after an eight-hour day, ironing Bud's shirt, he having complained bitterly that she had not done it before. He needed a clean one for his evening saunter. Her father thereupon entered the room at exactly the wrong moment. He settled himself in the doorway, told her to shut up as she angrily asked Bud why he didn't wash his own shirts, and added that she was pretty slow about cleaning up the kitchen. His daughter turned on him like a fury. "Clean up! Clean up! I should clean up for you and your kids! The factory all day and a dirty kitchen all night, while Bud chews the rag and you chew your pipe. Ain't their a whole tubful of the kids' clothes waiting for me? If you like work so well, why don't you scrub 'em yourself! Kids! Kids! Always more of your kids! When will I get the chance to raise any of my own?"

RAISE kids of her own? And no husband even picked out for her? What indecency! If a worm had raised its head and blasphemed, Mr. Pishpash would not have been more surprised nor half as scandalized. Never had such outrageous words been uttered in the history of the Pishpash family. Perhaps no man lives who would relish dictation from his own daughter as to the size of his family. And Mr. Pishpash less than most. He was literally stupified. His jaw dropped and his neck began to swell. As for Mrs. Pishpash, she stared at her daughter as the crowd gapes at the man about to go over the Falls in a barrel. Although she knew in all reason that Mr. Pishpash was presently to half kill Veronica, she was powerless to interfere. The moment was tense with the hush before the tornado strikes.

And then it struck. Years of practice had made Mr. Pishpash an artist at manhandling his women. But his daughter had inherited some of his own fighting spirit, to say nothing of his muscular strength, and she made him work for his victory. When the patrolman finally arrived, although Veronica's nose was bloody and her eyes beginning to swell, her father's shirt was in ribbons, and his ear showed the imprint of his daughter's strong teeth. Altogether it was a battle royal, with Mr. Pishpash the physical — but Veronica the moral—victor. Her father had undoubtedly knocked her out. On the other hand she had announced loudly that she was glad he did, since it gave her the excuse to leave home that she had been looking for. She told the world in no uncertain terms what the fight was about, that sleep in jail would be sweet with Mr. Pishpash locked out, and as she rode off in the police emergency she called back flippantly that she hoped that her father would enjoy cleaning up.

A whole tubful of kids' clothes waiting for her after her factory work

She raged against living merely to be a consolation to parents

Mr. Pishpash had some difficulty in nursing his dignity that night before the neighbors. They were all sympathetic, but snickering slightly behind their hands. Let him bluster as he would, he was out of a housekeeper and out of twelve weekly dollars. Moreover he had had to listen to a good deal of impudence publicly uttered. In short, the laugh was on him. He dimly perceived, as others have discovered before him, that whereas it is undoubtedly a nuisance to be forced into politeness towards one's women, if the latter draw pay envelopes, perhaps even a strong man may have to come to it. How they were reunited at his daughter's wedding, and how he toasted the husband whom Veronica speedily found for herself, as soon as she had a few free evenings to hunt for him instead of minding her father's babies, is another story.

As for Annie Szechewski, instead of suffering from the superabundant vitality of her father, she was a victim of the almost complete languor of her mother. Mrs. Szechewski had married three times in an effort to find some man who would enjoy supporting her, but she was still without support. There was no good reason why she should not support herself, except that she was vaguely sickly and preferred leisure to exertion. The kind of work that she could do required more energy than she had. The doctor's orders in the way of orthopedics and diet, demanded more concentration to understand and effort to perform than she had ever developed. So she settled back on Annie, and gladly lived on her wages as a legitimate return for the favor of having given her birth. They drifted from one rooming-house to another; Mrs. Szechewski did day work now and then through an employment agency, when she hankered for some luxury that Annie could not provide.

NOW Annie had got married. And her mother was left high and dry in the rooming-house, with every likelihood that she would have to pay her rent herself. Annie was under age for marriage in her own state, but had taken the precaution to cross the border to more lenient laws. Her mother had thrown off the lethargy of years in a supreme effort to annul the marriage. "She is too young to marry, and to a man I don't know," she urged with the finality of a mother, and of a thrice married woman who knew whereof she spoke. The answer to this, however, was that Annie was also too young to have the full support of her mother on her hands. "I'm too sick to work. The

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"What stepfather could be worse than being bound hand and foot? What business has she got to hold me?"

doctor says so," sobbed Mrs. Szechewski into her handkerchief. Annie and her new husband exchanged glances. The bride was at least fifteen pounds underweight, and Oscar was but a thin little fellow himself. They had evidently thought it out, that if they could earn a living so could she. "You can visit us sometimes," urged the kindly Oscar. "Not *all* time," added Annie, firmly, knowing her mother. The groom explained in an undertone, "I was sorry for the kid, and that's a fact. She's young to marry. But all the more reason some one should support her. Her mother won't, and I will." "I *can't*," sniffed Mrs. Szechewski, who overheard the whisper. "No one's asking you to," rejoined the groom with spirit. "It's a crime for a girl to leave her poor sick mother," protested the landlord, who saw his chances of collecting back rent grow dimmer and dimmer as the annulment proceedings languished; "that girl ought to come home." "What *is* home?" snapped Annie. "Your mother's got a good room," protested the landlord angrily. "Oscar's got *two* good rooms," giggled the bride archly at her cavalier. Obviously it would take more resources than Mrs. Szechewski could muster to annul the marriage, in a state where the consent of the bride is necessary for the annulment. Consent to leave Oscar? Never. Why should she? Now that she had found him, her mother must shift for herself, as the tree must live without the ripened apple that loosens its grip from the bough to which it clung. Whatever may have been her duty, her decision was unalterable. It looked as if Mrs. Szechewski must go back to her mop pail, or follow her daughter's example and look for a fourth mate more generous and steadfast than her first three had been.

WITH Eloise and Dorothy, who were met under different circumstances, the setting was more splendid. But that made little difference. It came to much the same thing in the end. Eloise was the daughter who remained at home, while the rest of them had married and settled at more or less distant points. Her parents looked upon her as the proper consolation for their middle age, and she was, as they said, to "be a comfort" to them. They lived in a charming house, and gave her good clothes and a car. They took her when they traveled, and all sat at an exclusive table for three, uttering no word to a stranger except the waiter and the chamber maid. There was no economic excuse for Eloise to get out and earn her living. Her father was not only amply able to support her, but humiliated at the idea that his daughter should become a business woman. Whenever she talked about it, her mother cried and her father stormed; the next day he gave her a bracelet or a trip to Atlantic City where she rode up and down the boardwalk with her mother and stared pathetically at saucy bathing beauties flirting with the guards. Now and then she would make a confidante of some friend and cry her eyes out. It seems that the family had always been in much moneyed concerns, and Eloise had listened to the rise and fall of the stock market since babyhood. She said herself that she liked nothing so much as to watch it "wiggle", and even her brothers agreed that she had a good head for business. She was certain that she could beat them at their own game. But at the mere mention of it, her brothers told her in no uncertain terms that her duty was to her parents (theirs was not), that making more money by speculation, when she had enough, was ignoble (they were doing it daily), and that desertion of her parents by any route but marriage would break her parents' hearts (which was the absolute truth). The Shaws and Pishpashes, so diverse in other respects, were of one mind in this.

She consented to the drudgery but insisted upon diversion with it

The question of the ultimate desirability of the bond business is neither here nor there. It was the goal of the Shaw men and it was the goal of Eloise. If ever there was a direct vocational lead out of idleness into business, Eloise exhibited it in her tastes and talents. "But I've got to catch a man to do it. I've got to catch a man to do it," she wailed. "If I was drowning I couldn't be too choosey about the man who pulled me out, and I can't now." So she wasn't. She married some one, any one. She considers him rather a contemptible person. She is not very happy. But she protests that she is happier than she was before, because one *can* get away from a husband, if the house is big enough and there are enough cars!

Dorothy was in much the same situation, except that Mrs. Patton had been a widow from her daughter's babyhood, and Dorothy did not have as marked a vocational bent as Eloise. If she went to work she would have had to be a clerk or some such matter, and draw a pay envelope with "chicken feed" in it, as her brother disgustedly pointed out. But that did not bother Dorothy. It was not so much that she wanted to do anything in particular, as that she wanted to get off by herself. She looked with envy on every working girl that she saw. Earning a day's wages and doing as she chose—what bliss! Sometimes her rage against her mother was violent and embittered. "My mother says she has stayed unmarried out of respect to my father's memory. I wish to goodness she had married long ago, and had some one else to hang on beside me. What stepfather could be worse than being bound hand and foot! What business has she got to need me? She is able-bodied and rich. You'd think she was the baby and I her mother, the way she cries if I leave. I'd be glad to be (*Continued on page* 326)

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The Silva Confession

By LOUIS STARK

ON December 24, 1919, four bandits attempted to hold up a paytruck of the L. Q. White Shoe Company, in Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

On April 15, 1920, a paymaster and his guard were murdered in South Braintree, Massachusetts.

On May 5, 1920, Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco, radicals, one a fish peddler and the other a shoe worker, were arrested. Both were accused of the Bridgewater crime. Sacco proved an alibi. Vanzetti was convicted and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Then both were tried and convicted for the South Braintree murders and executed in August, 1927.

Seven years intervened between the arrest of the men and their execution. Revelations are now published in The Outlook and Independent tending to prove the innocence of Vanzetti of the Bridgewater crime. The Outlook publishes a signed confession by Frank Silva who says that he and three others attempted the Bridgewater hold-up. James Mede who, Silva said, helped plan the crime, adds a corroborating affidavit. Fred Moore, counsel to Sacco, knew Mede's story in 1922. Moore attempted to interest Governor Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts in Mede's story that year. He failed. Sacco and Vanzetti had already been convicted and the commonwealth was apparently not interested in the story of a man who asserted that Vanzetti was innocent of the first crime. Not even though the informant was willing to give the names of those who had participated in the crime and thus laid himself open to prosecution.

Why did not Governor Cox request the state police to investigate Mede's story?

Mr. Moore continually sought to interest the commonwealth of Massachusetts in Mede's story. He had not been counsel for Vanzetti in the first trial but his investigators (presumably less capable than those of the state police and certainly lacking in any official authority) had already disclosed Mede's connection with the Bridgewater case.

Extremely significant is a letter written by Mr. Moore to Governor Cox on February 2, 1922, stating that Mede had been advised "from two separate sources . . . not to disclose any information in this matter." Moore named no names. In his affidavit to The Outlook, Mede now reveals that while in prison he was visited by Joseph Ross "who was driving Judge Thayer around," and by James Vahey, brother of the man who defended Vanzetti at the Bridgewater trial. Vahey, according to Mede, advised him not to talk to any one of the Sacco-Vanzetti case "if you want me to represent you to get a pardon." The lawyer added: "You know, my brother defended Vanzetti and you will only be putting my brother in dutch." At that time Mede assured Vahey and Ross that he had made no statement to Moore. Such are the allegations sworn to.

When Mr. Moore stepped out of the case, William G. Thompson became counsel for the convicted men. Most of his time was spent on the South Braintree case, but he knew of the Mede angle in the earlier case at Bridgewater.

Thompson had met Mede for the first time when he was giving advice to Moore on the case but at that time Mede showed agitation and fear and would not talk. He again saw Mede in July, 1927, and begged him to make a clean breast of what he knew to help save Sacco and Vanzetti. With great difficulty he overcame Mede's fears. On July 12, 1927, Mede saw Governor Fuller and made a complete disclosure of the Bridgewater crime. Mede, according to Thompson, had been assured that his confession would not be communicated to the state police. He feared that his license for boxing matches would be revoked if he said anything contrary to the official view of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. At the end of the interview Governor Fuller called in Captain Blye of the state police, asked Mede to repeat his confession, and indicated his hostility to Mede. Mede was terrorized and left the State House without talking to Captain Blye alone.

Again Mede was urged to make another attempt to save Sacco and Vanzetti. He went to the office of Captain Blye, but the police official is alleged to have refused to take Mede's statement because he said it would be "damned embarrassing." Three weeks later Sacco and Vanzetti were executed.

For five years, from 1922 to 1927, the Massachusetts authorities were implored to look into Mede's story. No explanation has as yet been given for the singular inactivity of the state officials, from Governor Cox to Governor Fuller and Captain Blye, during those long years. Why did they fail to act? Was it because Mede was the keystone of the arch supporting the Bridgewater and South Braintree cases?

THE two cases were not joined—officially—but in the minds of the public they were inseparable: Vanzetti was a "wop" and anarchist, convicted of an attempted hold-up. By the time he had been placed on trial, a year after the South Braintree crime, his radical views and those of his friend Sacco had become well known. His first conviction had created a presumption of guilt against him. Sacco suffered from it because he was joined as a defendant. This fact, Vanzetti's first conviction and his life story, more than anything else, militated against the men in the murder trial.

The Outlook's disclosures present too circumstantial a case for Vanzetti's innocence of the first crime to be dismissed with a contemptuous wave of the hand. Justice in Massachusetts is challenged by the Silva confession, for the first time disclosed in its entirety by the man who says he took part in the Bridgewater hold-up. His story contains such a wealth of detail that it ought to be susceptible of immediate refutation; if it is untrue it is a tissue of lies. But the evidence does not point in that direction. Instead, it bears all the earmarks of veracity. It is corroborated by Mede. It was checked up by Silas Bent, an experienced newspaper investigator. Further corroboration is offered by Mr. Thompson and by letters, memoranda and affidavits.

Until the commonwealth of Massachusetts offers convincing proof discrediting the Silva confession it stands.

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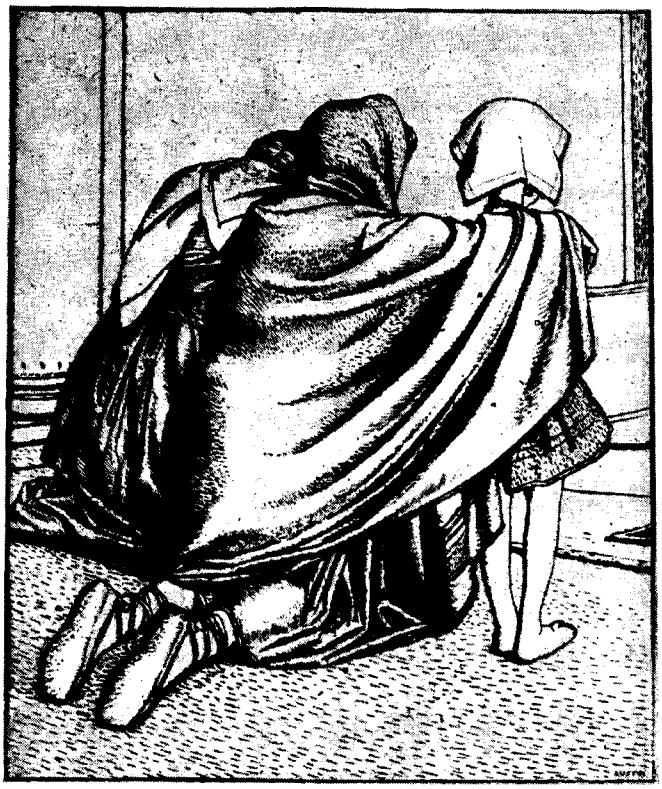
The Flight Into Egypt, engraving

New Prints in the Old Manner by Robert Austin

Courtesy Harlow, McDonald and Company, New York



Women in Church, etching

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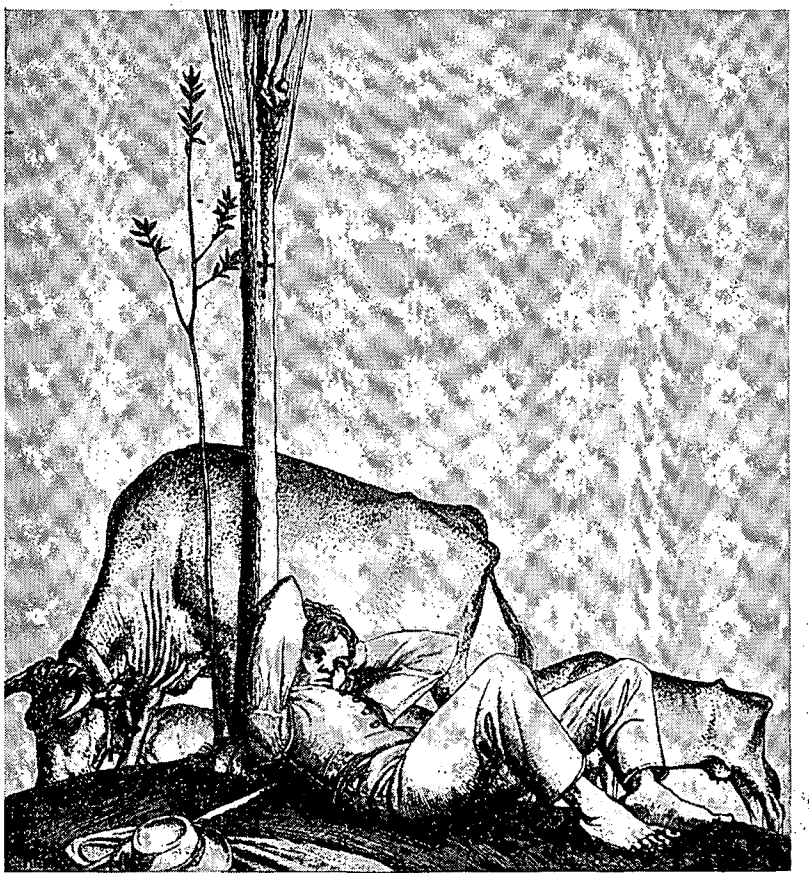

AMONG the finest contemporary prints being shown in this country are those of Robert Austin, an Englishman still in his thirties. He has proved his ability to sit at the feet of the German and Italian masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and yet to introduce the authentic note of the century of his birth, an interest in human beings. Some of his subjects reflect the pervading religious spirit of the earlier time. But more of them, like The Women in Church on the preceding page, note the inheritance of that faith by the simple folk of Italy and Germany who are living now. It was his Flight Into Egypt (preceding page) that won for him the Prix de Rome in 1922 and enabled him to study in Rome and to travel in Italy and Germany for three years. Like so many artists born in the nineties, he had to interrupt his earlier studies by four years of active service in the War. Since that time he has worked seriously, as his many fine prints, colored drawings, portrait and architectural drawings prove. Design plays an important part in all he does. In this respect his work suggests comparison with that of our own Rockwell Kent.

Above: The Cowherd, etching

Right: The Puppet Master, engraving

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Left: The Stone-Breaker, etching

Below: Comare Guilia, engraving

SPACE permits only a choice of Robert Austin's art, and choice among such riches is hard to make. All of his prints show fine craftsmanship. All of them show sincerity and true observation. Note the humility in The Flight Into Egypt. The whole group moves forward, but with a modesty that claims no tribute. See the splendid drawing of the animals. Mr. Austin can make a social figure of an animal, as testify the massive canal horse of The Horse of Ostend; the young pack animals, the Donkeys of Telva; that important source of nourishment, the milch goat, in his print, Woman Milking a Goat; the cow, a real companion to the cowherd on the opposite page. The Stone-breaker, a common sight wherever labor is cheap; Comare Guilia, the wrinkled woman who sells images outside the church (both shown on this page); Blind Beggar of Tivoli, an old man with sunken sockets whose lap is full of rosaries; the toothless Puppet Master, who makes his dolls by the wayside (opposite page); the young peasant woman getting ready for church in Before Mass; the tender Italian mother; the hooded Sisters of Assisi—all these are living figures. Mr. Austin also follows the old tradition in putting an important background in his prints. His background, however, is never incidental decoration: it is always an accurate setting that contributes to our knowledge of the dominant figure or group —F. L. K.

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EDITORIALS

AT the turn of the century, the people of the United States had about the worst roads in the world—inside our borders. Except for our city pavements, they were mostly streaks of mud and sand compared with the highways of Europe. Then came the automobile and then came Ford. Not since God gave hind legs to the grasshoppers, had living things been granted such new magic of individual locomotion. We woke up to the fact that these dirt roads of ours concerned every man, woman and child in America: that we were shut off one from another, from town and from country, from pleasant places and still waters and where we wanted to go—where we could go if we surfaced them. And presto, in twenty-five years they bring us together, these roads that used to keep us apart.

At the outbreak of the Great War, the people of the United States had about the worst roads in the world—outside our borders; by that, meaning avenues for contact with our neighbors on this globe. The War jolted us—but left us still hub deep in the ruts of ignorance. We floundered in great bog-holes of hate and fear. We saw hobgoblins in dark lanes at night. Some of us wanted to make a virtue out of our isolation and let such paths as had been tramped by the feet of marching men go back to grass. But the repercussions of world wars and gas engines are not to be denied.

In ten years we have made gains. There's good gravel leading out from newspaper offices and press associations; asphalt leading out from our college campuses and research centers. There's new macadam leading out from Washington to Europe, to Latin America and China; and we are getting the habit of giving the government trucks that ply that macadam the "once over", to make sure whether they are loaded with peace and good-will—or marines.

In the Foreign Policy Association, which celebrated the completion of its first decade Armistice week, we have one of the few modern arteries of the new time, built up from the concrete, with its research staff laying a solid bed of facts blasted from the ledge rock of current history; with the world opening up before its meetings like vistas on a parkway; and with luncheon discussions in sixteen cities that have all the stir and cross-currents of four-way traffic centers.

It takes a wrench of the imagination to recapture the sense of release—like a spring set free—which the Armistice brought ten years ago last month. It takes cranking to re-experience in imagination the tensions, the hopes, the distortions of human nature, we experienced in the months that preceded the Armistice. But we can cherish the memory that it remained for the American president to voice what the common people of the world wanted to get out of the War and out of the peace—the only things that for them sanctioned killing and being killed, they and their sons. The allied governments had been slow to strip their war aims of imperialistic commitments. Under the lead of British labor, the interallied labor movement threw its whole weight in support of Wilson's stand. British liberals held that his state papers were worth twelve army corps and a regiment of angels in reviving the forces of democracy in Western Europe. They spoke of the American policies as if the whole new world were ablaze with them.

But here in the United States that closing year of the War, there was no organized backing of the principles which President Wilson had made the hope of the world. Some of our peace foundations and old-line peace societies had gone on the shelf. The new groups of pacifists that had sprung up since 1914 had been left to flounder when Mr. Wilson finally took the other fork of the road in the spring of 1917. The League to Enforce Peace had grown by leaps and bounds, with a weighty central group, but was mostly absorbed in the machinery of international control rather than with the democratic principles which should encompass it. Colonel House's official committee was at work gathering information for the things America should stand for at the settlement, but the outlook was (as the event proved) that we should have the best-informed delegation there, but the least-informed body of citizens behind them. There was no crystallization of American liberals. In contrast there were half a dozen defense leagues and the like which breathed nationalism like a flock of steam calliopes but were short-winded when it came to democracy. To talk peace was treason; to talk terms of settlement was to create division in the ranks of the fighters. So it was argued. The only issue, we were told, was to get on with the War; which we did with such zeal and concentration that according to his friends, the American president arrived at Paris before he heard of the secret treaties that were to mutilate and almost wreck the treaty of Versailles.

It was in such an atmosphere that the group out of which grew the Foreign Policy Association held its first meetings. Today, with a national membership of nine thousand, with branches in Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Richmond, and the rest; with even-handed luncheon debates attended by nearly 50,000 people last year in New York and fifteen other centers; with a Washington office, and contacts at Geneva, Paris, London, Berlin and other capitals; with bulletins reaching ten thousand people weekly; with a research staff with a record of one hundred technical studies, the Foreign Policy Association has helped

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break precedent as a modern adventure in adult education.

It has helped demonstrate that it is possible to carry forward swift and current research in controversial fields—work so sound, so free of any axe to grind, as to serve not only the wide gamut of points of view represented by its own members, but by newspaper editors and government officials of opposing political parties; scholars, business men and labor leaders. Like Survey Associates, it has helped demonstrate that to university hall, foundation office, government departments and commissions can be added the membership body as a home for research—an instrument for the service of democracy. More, that it has certain advantages for the task, its vital composition affording a corrective to ingrowing or partisan tendencies.

There is every evidence on the one hand that the F. P. A. is going to preserve the disinterestedness, the authenticity, the integrity of its research reports. And, on the other, that it is going to conserve its potential freedom for action. In the future as in the past, its growth will be organic, pragmatic, realistic. It is at the threshold of a more resourceful, more creative ten years than the last ten; years equally challenging.

WITNESS the use made by the F. P. A. of the anniversary of the Armistice as a peg on which to hang a clutch of sobering figures. Its survey showed that ten years after the war to end war, six million men are serving in the active forces of the fifty-one principal countries of the world, while twenty-seven million are enrolled in the trained reserves. In Western Europe, where Germany and her former allies have virtually disarmed under the peace treaties, the vast majority of countries have increased their army budgets by over $200,000,000 from 1913 to 1927. As General Lord Thompson, member of the MacDonald ministry, said in debate in Parliament last month, the world has peace because of exhaustion, not statesmanship. Every time we in this country yield to the temptation, as President Coolidge did on Armistice Day, to talk big navy or how, diked by the great oceans, we must yet gird to defend ourselves, we cut the ground from under the feet of those citizens of the close-in countries of Europe who would speed up peace before the men and women who know war for what it is go off the stage.

AS far as we can see backward into the dim dawn of human history men have wanted to be happy and, by and large, have wanted to be good. But it is only a moment, in perspective, since we have brought to bear on problems of human behavior, not merely our wishes but the same scientific analysis and control which is mastering the physical universe. Such an effort is not content to praise the good and admonish or condemn the bad; it realizes that behind any act, good or bad, there lies a chain of cause and effect, and it tries to find out why people are as they are, hoping and believing that ultimately such an understanding will serve to control and guide human action toward mental health and happiness. No social or industrial evil is alien to this new science of mental hygiene in its widest sense—"the understanding of human personality," as Professor C.-E. A. Winslow defined it at the recent annual meeting of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. "The understanding of the fears, aspirations, strivings, and tendencies that operate, consciously and unconsciously, in all human behavior, in individual and group relations."

It is to the honor of the American mental hygiene movement, crystallized into being twenty years ago by the vision and experience of one man, Clifford W. Beers, that it has kept this fundamental ideal of the service of science to all human living constantly in view. For ten years Mr. Beers has been working for an International Congress on Mental Hygiene, which now is to be realized in Washington in May, 1930, bringing together wisdom and experience from all parts of the world. And most recent witness of the flexibility and foresight of the mental hygienists is the announcement just made of the American Foundation for Mental Hygiene, a foundation incorporated without a penny in its coffers, which comes into being to bring together permanent provision for financing the mental hygiene movement of the future. Unhampered by the programs necessary to specific organization, this foundation will be able to modify its plans to meet new needs and new problems as they arise. Already $150,000 has been pledged toward its first million of endowment, but the first million will be only a start in underwriting this gallant enterprise. The needs which it envisages are as wide as human nature itself; of its potentialities we can now see enough to realize that in the application of scientific study to ourselves lies a greater evolution than any which the world has yet known.

PENNSYLVANIA'S bond issue for state hospitals and institutions has gone down to defeat after a vigorous campaign. From the returns so far tabulated it seems to have carried Philadelphia and about twenty other counties, and to have made a better run than the four other fiscal amendments which would have authorized bond issues for the Pennsylvania State College, for state forestry reserves, armories and highway purposes. A Pennsylvania Taxpayers Association of 1928 put forward a vigorous last-minute opposition, apparently with the sympathy of the state government, conceding the entire worthiness of all five measures but declaring that adequate funds can be obtained more cheaply out of current income than by bond issues. Its misleadingly simple appeal to the pocket-nerve did not quote the figures of the Citizens' Committee organized by the Public Charities Association, which showed that the welfare amendment would have cost the people of Pennsylvania about thirty-two cents apiece for the next twenty years. Nor did it show the alternative. Pay-as-you-go is all right if you keep going. But Pennsylvania, though a progressive state in the care of her insane and her delinquents, is admittedly far in arrears in meeting their needs. How cope with the present problem of overcrowding? And still more disturbing, how provide for the future? "State after state," declares the National Committee for Mental Hygiene editorially in its current bulletin, "is confronted with a situation respecting the hospital needs of the insane and feebleminded that is getting worse instead of better, in spite of the progress that is being made in the cure and prevention of mental diseases. . . . The (*Continued on page* 320)

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Imagine an Old Automobile!

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

IMAGINE an automobile—an *old* automobile, with all of an old machine's kinks and habits—lately participant in and hardly repaired since a disastrous collision; heavily loaded, short of fuel and with sand in all the bearings . . . going up a steep hill and being radically reconstructed on the way up. Under urgent necessity not merely to regain and maintain its former speed but to accelerate it. Nay, more than that—required by the conditions of its journey to do, not more and better than it ever did before; more than any other automobile ever did before.

Imagine, further, that owners, passengers and frequently-changing drivers, differ continually—always materially and sometimes violently—among themselves about the nature and methods of the reconstruction; even about direction and destination. Some wanting to stop and turn around, or to go backward downhill again; some few gluttons for punishment even desiring to go back and try out another collision; still others wishing to abandon this machine altogether in favor of another kind, or to take this one completely to pieces and rebuild it upon entirely different lines; incidentally throwing out half or more of the passengers, more particularly including the present legal possessors of the bill-of-sale.

IMAGINE still further that those on the outside, nearly all holding certain liens on the vehicle by reason of claims based upon the nature, results of and alleged accountability for the beforementioned collision and therefore in a position to give orders about the expedition, differ likewise among themselves in motives, purposes, interests and judgment concerning what the automobile and its occupants ought to do and how they ought to do it. Some of them even afraid to have it reconstructed or allowed to proceed at all. And all of them prepared and intending, upon the slightest indication that more could be carried, to add to the load.

Fanciful, even fantastic the picture, but it hardly exaggerates the situation of Germany, just ten years after the close of the World War and the general *débâcle* of her old regime.

DURING the whole of the past summer this writer was in Germany, observing the more obvious and conspicuous aspects of this spectacle; getting background and material for the "New Germany" number of Survey Graphic which will be published late in January under date of February 1. It was the original intention to devote this present issue to that purpose, but various practical considerations compelled postponement. It is true that a republic was proclaimed in Germany on the 9th of November, 1918, with the collapse of Germany's military resistance and the fall of the monarchy; but 1919 and the promulgation of the Weimar Constitution mark the beginnings of the present German entity; in history the decade of real reconstruction will be 1919-1929.

It is to the achievements of that decade, and the difficulties under which they have been wrought, that the "New Germany" number of Survey Graphic will be devoted. It will, we believe, be a notable addition to the series of "racial numbers" which have marked the work of The Survey from time to time during many years, and to which we hope to add still others.

GO ON, and imagine a German, nosing into the confusion of reconstruction after our Civil War, without facility in our language or other than casual acquaintance with our history and fundamentals, undertaking in scant three months to understand and interpret the results of that upheaval and the ensuing clamor and problems in all fields—even attempting to forecast the future!

To be sure, no normal German would have dared it. Or, even if he had, he would have concluded to stay half a lifetime and upon his death from old age, his monumental work, beginning, as do all typical well-behaving German monumental works, with the words, "Already in the primeval forest . . .," would have reached its tenth volume, examining minutely perhaps the state of the science of navigation in the time of Leif Ericsson.

We cannot do it so meticulously, even if it were desirable; this is a magazine, not an encyclopedia. The situation in Germany, like that in any other country, politically, economically, socially, is highly fluid. It is hard to keep abreast of the news. Factors of great importance shift and merge in kaleidoscopic fashion under constantly changing pressures from within and from without. Yet the great landmarks and main currents remain. The psychology of a people like that of an individual, is a continuing force. Before, during and after a tremendous crisis, a person or a group of persons however large, reacts after his or its own fashion. The German fashion of reacting has presented an astonishing picture to the world. It

"CLEARING THE WAY FOR PEACE AND PROSPERITY"
—*The Irish Weekly* (Independent, Dublin).

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is that picture that we shall attempt to present.

The German door was opened wide and hospitably. With transparent, almost pathetic eagerness, Germans of every sort—from the *Reichskanzler* himself to a Communist post-office clerk; from an outstanding jurist or an economist of worldwide fame to the *Oberkellner* of a country hotel or the group of mountain-climbing *Wandervögel* in the Bavarian Alps—all welcomed the purpose of candid yet sympathetic report upon and interpretation of the present state of their nation. Without reserve they afforded access to every kind of information and answered every sort of question, including some brutal ones that must have hurt.

THREE kinds of things have to be distinguished in appraising post-war phenomena in any country. It is especially important in this instance that they should be kept separate:

1. Things true of Germany which always were true and are not different now.
2. Things post-war; true of Germany but equally true of other countries, of all Europe or all the world.
3. Things true of Germany which are new, post-war (whether caused by the war or not), and peculiarly German.

It is to the third group of things that the "New Germany" number of Survey Graphic will devote itself. In the place of this department, and buttressed, supplemented, rectified if need be by an accompanying symposium of articles by men and women—distinguished Germans and others—better informed, this visitor, many weeks within the German doorway, will summarize what he saw and heard of a few major aspects of post-war Germany—well aware of his limitations, but reasonably confident that his impressions are on the whole just and well-founded.

RESULTS of our presidential election are being keenly studied in Germany. To no other country do the Germans feel their new republic so closely akin as to ours; they are better informed about us than we are about them. In almost every conversation, I found myself obliged to answer questions about our campaign then in its beginnings. They knew about Smith, but still better about Hoover. They associate him with the great Quaker enterprise of feeding the German children, starving after the War and the almost leak-proof blockade. Any time you hear someone asking whether there is bitterness in Germany against the United States on account of the War, remember that. Not once but fifty times Germans of almost every class reminded me of what the Quakers did, and they have not forgotten Hoover's part in that effort whose far-reaching beneficence reached every corner of Germany. Under its influence practically every vestige of war-psychosis, so far as the United States was concerned, was blotted out.

Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Grand Canyon of Europe

REMAINS, however, the reputation we have as supposed possessors of fabulous wealth. The blather about prosperity which has characterized so much of our presidential campaign, and the tremendous response to it exhibited in the results of the election, surely will intensify this reputation of ours, not only in Germany but throughout all Europe. An unlovely figure of Uncle Sam, fat, smug, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, whether we like it or not, stands and will stand in the background of all their thought about the economic condition of their world.

To the German, the problem of raising $600,000,000 a year—$10 apiece for every man, woman and child in the republic—to pay for reparations under the Dawes plan, is the warp into which his life must be woven through an indefinite future. So far as he can see now, that period extends ahead, beyond his life and that of any of his children or grandchildren now living. Despite Hoover and the Quakers, he looks with a certain cynicism upon that mythical and really unjust effigy of the Uncle Sam, whom they vision as ultimate receiver of virtually every pfennig that they and their children will have to pay to the victors in the War. This is one of the reasons why they look with keenest interest upon the figure of the next president of the United States, remembering him as at the head of that instrumentality of mercy which saved their children from starvation.

This also is the bitterness of the lesson Germany has learned and will not forget about *war*. It is why the working class especially rose with anger and astonishment a little while ago when they learned that their cabinet had consented to a proposal to build even such warships as are clearly permitted under the Versailles Treaty. In their present state of mind they believe firmly in Will Rogers' recent proposal:

I have a scheme for stopping war. It's this: No nation is allowed to enter a war until they have paid for the last one.

It would have been better still to add after the word "enter", the phrase, "or prepare for." Put that scheme, unconfused by any other question, to a referendum in Germany or any other of the nations of Europe now staggering under the load of debt of which no person now living will see the end; you would get—a Hoover landslide!

APROPOS, observe that one of the things that just now upset the French cabinet was the refusal of the radical workers to support any longer the tremendous burden of military expense. The old war-nonsense appeals less and less to the French. They know that at present anyway they are in no danger of attack from any side and that nobody anywhere is going actually to help them bear these burdens. More and more it is percolating into the minds of the peoples of Europe that the victory in the War gained nothing substantial for anybody; that if there was a beneficiary it was Germany, thus enabled to throw off the burden of militarism. Intelligent Germans know it.

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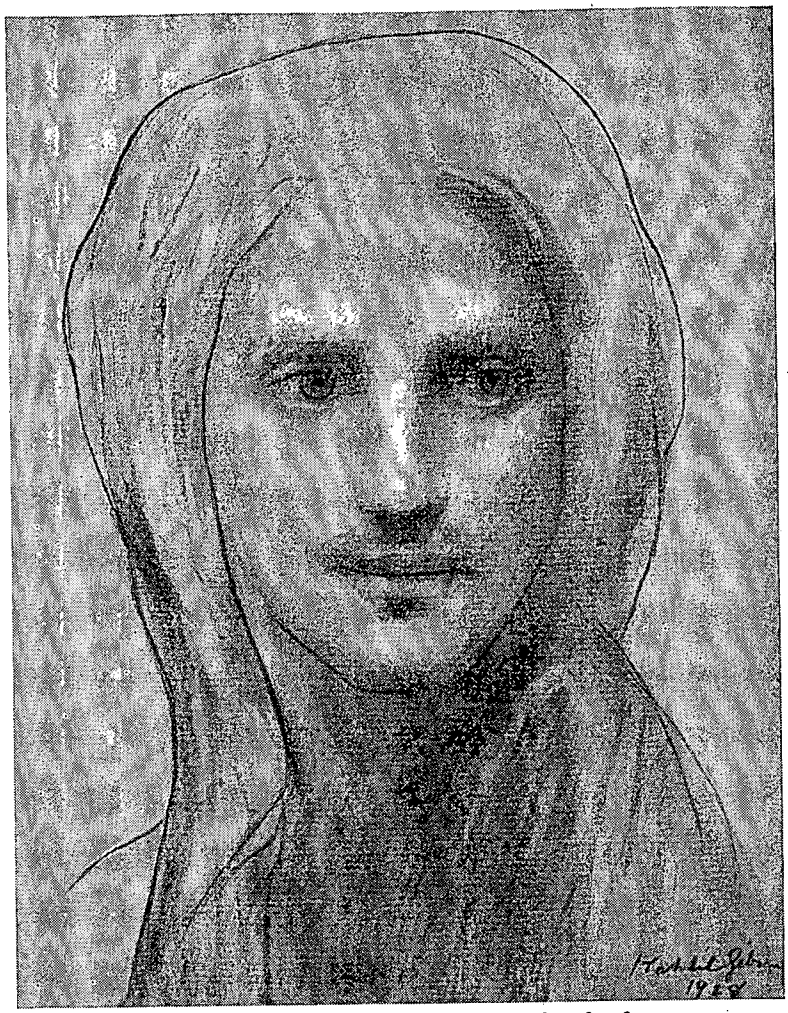
Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Let's Count Our Blessings

WHITHER MANKIND: A PANORAMA OF MODERN CIVILIZATION, *edited by Charles A. Beard. Longmans. 408 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
RECENT GAINS IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, *edited by Kirby Page. Harcourt-Brace. 356 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*



Drawing by Kahlil Gibran from his book, Jesus—the Son of Man, published by Knopf

AFTER enough of the dark side of things, we begin to count our blessings. These books count the blessings of our civilization. They are rooted in reality, yet courageous and hopeful; so they are of profound significance beyond even the excellence of their knowledge and wisdom. The World War stopped us in our tracks; for a while we seemed mortally sick, the mainspring of our faith broken. But we have survived, and our convalescence has been marked by three age-old questions: How did we get this way?—the period of "Outlines" and "Stories". Where are we now?—the present period of inventory-taking. Where do we go from here?—the challenge of tomorrow to be met by our children. After the French Encyclopedists, you remember, came Rousseau and the Revolution.

Both books study the enduring values in our civilization, its instruments and trends; both cover the main field of art, science, religion, race, industry, education, peace, and the comparison of East with West. The battlefields at last are clearly mapped. But Charles Beard's seventeen prophets seek a philosophical-social resolution of problems; Kirby Page's fifteen appraisers from a symposium in The World Tomorrow are concerned with practical or political measurements of American progress. Together they constitute a sequel to *all* the Outlines; they give you the present status of the human race, the planks in our platform of hope. Their doctrine is the new optimism we sadly need; and in one sense they mark an epoch, for not one of these distinguished contributors (and they include some of our sharpest critics like Bertrand Russell, Stuart Chase, Villard, and Norman Thomas) but finds grounds for a reasoned hopefulness. Indeed, it offers a fine humor to see some of them with a noble honesty changing focus to praise instead of blame. These realists have not gone Pollyanna, or even Rotary, but they believe that if the race is worth saving, the ways of salvation are discoverable. We are back on the main road again after the terrible detour of 1914, but that road is still marked "Under Construction. Passable, but Proceed at Your Own Risk."

Whither Mankind is a bargain in wisdom, and I think the most important book of recent years. Where else can you get the distilled experience and final judgment of leaders like Russell, the Webbs, Dr. Winslow, Havelock Ellis, Harvey Robinson, and John Dewey in one compendium? Dr. Beard has worked a miracle in presenting not an agglomeration of personal views, but an ordered attack on a stated problem: What are the effects of the machine age in your field, and what can be done therein to secure the good life? These men accept this thesis: You cannot stop the machines or go back—you can only go forward through, over, on or with the machines! Does this mean materialism, standardization, and a vast enervating leisure, distracted by machine-made recreations? Can religion, art, the family, rise superior to technological disruptions and coercions? I cannot restate the answers. I urge you to read the book. Roughly the answer is that the machines already serve and liberate us and their evils are not irremediable provided the human spirit is sound. For it is noteworthy that many of these men in both books note an exception to hope, a secret fear that it is still possible for some self-distilled toxin of mob psychology or indolence to make us commit suicide by war over the surplus of the machines, to rot at the core with lazy comforts, to exhaust our nerves before we master new and unlimited energies.

In both books the reporters dealing with people as spirit seem most doubtful—Robinson and Fosdick on religion, Thomas on hopes of peace, Dorsey on race, and Villard on journalism. Most hopeful are those for whom the machine offers a field for enterprise or the economic instruments for success—B. Russell and David Starr Jordan on science, the Webbs and Mary Van Kleek on industry, Stuart Chase on play, and especially Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow on health. Everett Dean Martin and Dallas Lore Sharp seem to have faith in education beyond their present facts. Dr. Beard is convincing that in spite, or perhaps because, of tired radicals, we have

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progressed in government, save in county administration and the losses in civil liberty. Rockwell Kent (art) and Mary Austin (letters) feel the United States will go forward if it goes native. Lewis Mumford (art) thinks we shall win culture if we can integrate the arts in the City Beautiful we vision as made possible by machines. John Dewey feels at home in a science-machine age because here is the giant of all instruments.

The principal victory of these books is that they take the dead hand of the war generation off youth. We are done with lamentation and retrospection; we are rising above cynicism and neurasthenia. We pass on this world as it is, for better or worse! Dream and build! Cursing does little good. The divorce of the generations is clear in the books. In a way, Van Loon, Mumford, Chase, Winslow are more eager and hopeful than Robinson, Dewey, or Russell. That may be just blood-pressure from years, but it seems a vital synchronism with the age-spirit. Charles Beard and Havelock Ellis are timeless, always up-to-date, and so apt at life as to share the hopes of every generation.

Youth is of a blessed ignorance; those who take on the toga now at twenty-five were only fifteen at the Armistice. Life, glory be, proceeds by on-rushing generations:

> Then thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever Gods may be—
> That no man lives forever,
> That dead men rise up never,
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

We, about to die, salute you—and challenge you! Here are our sins and failures: These are the facts. You are born into a world better in many ways than any other in time, and richer in power than man dares dream. It is for the first time in history, a positive world: If you are wise you can create, as well as endure. What are you going to make of this gift? Rail and jibe? Fall into preciosity? Diddle with your psyche? These books reveal the other course—to face a task difficult beyond definition, to use the vast power in our hands, to obey the discontent of ambition, not despair, to erect a faith. They fail as the will and testament of this generation to youth because neither includes chapters on style (for the machines taught us only exposition by category as these essays show), on humor (for creation is gay, not sad), and on love. . . . But even so, these authors make one say, "I would like to be twenty again"—and that is a blessing!

LEON WHIPPLE

The Vital Force in China

CHINA'S MILLIONS, *by Anna Louise Strong. Coward-McCann. 413 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

CHINA'S MILLIONS is a remarkable contribution to contemporary history as it is being made in a part of eastern Asia. Miss Strong gives us a series of pictures from the recent revolution, by a trained observer who knew how to get by the "smoke screen" in troublous times such as she encountered in central China in the summer of 1927. She has tried to get the common worker's story of struggle and achievement, defeat and hope. Through it there is little of despair, though thousands have lost their lives in order that more freedom may prevail. The author has put her hand on the pulse of China and realized that beneath the surface there is a life that never gives up. There is a vital force that has carried China through the centuries. A revolution may be driven under ground, but it is likely to smoulder and break out anew if repressive measures are employed.

In these snapshots and the panorama of events of May to August, 1927, the author does not conceal defects as she sees them. She lauds bravery and condemns cowardice and treachery. Probably she does not thoroughly understand Chinese intrigue. Who does? She went to Chengchow for the conference between Marshall Feng and the Hankow government representatives without realizing what was going on "inside." But she was quickly able to conclude what took place during those two days. So her book is the best thing that has thus far appeared to relate the events of that epoch-making summer of 1927 when gunboats of foreign powers were patrolling the Yangtze and many hundreds of Americans and Europeans were leaving China forever.

In describing the women's movement of China Miss Strong is at her best. She had unusual opportunities to get in touch with the women leaders high and low. She won their confidence as no other writer has in these years of rapid change. The tragic story of Wang Su Chun, the Hunan girl, is the savage answer of old China to Christian idealism. Here the author vividly portrays the life and hazards of China's young women who are fighting for emancipation.

Miss Strong views Chinese militarists, politicians, and peasants through western glasses. She finds frankness in the statement of Eugene Chen, born and educated out of China. He tells her: "China is still medieval, both in organization and mentality. But the medieval structure is breaking up and there is no longer any stability. The problem is to find new supports for a new organization of society so that life may again be stable."

Speaking of the roaming semi-bandit soldiers who have been taxing the peasants without mercy, she says, "One would have to go back to the Middle Ages of Europe to find anything remotely approaching the torments and insecurities of peasant life today in China." It was to put a stop to this plundering, as well as to remove other disabilities, that the Nationalist Government was established. In this state of semi-chaos Miss Strong leaves China by "the back door," traveling out to Russia through Kansu Province and Mongolia. The latter part of her book tells of the primitive conditions of life in those regions where western civilization has scarcely made itself felt.

The author was not highly impressed by Chinese officials, civil or military. She says: "But in the heart of Hunan, among the broken fragments of the revolution, I felt a respect and a hope for the future of China which I had not felt in listening to her splendid orators and clever intellectuals. . . . From the actions of these peasants and workers, even under revolution, one gains a realization of the essential orderliness and power of organization that lies in China. It will be such peasants and workers, and neither the northern nor southern generals, nor the wealthy but subservient bourgeoisie of Shanghai, nor the timid intellectual politicians and officials, who will have courage to carry their country out of the Middle Ages into the modern world."

O. J. TODD

International Famine Relief Commission, Pekin

Drawing from a photograph by O. J. Todd, from the jacket of China's Millions by Anna Louise Strong

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The Bitterness of Races

THE COMING OF THE LORD, *by Sarah Millin. Liveright. 284 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN is, in one fashion, dangerous to the cause of good writing. There is hardly a human being who isn't positive that he can write a great novel. All professional writers know to their sorrow how many intense well-meaning individuals believe implicitly that if only they had "pull" they could write novels which would sweep the reading world into a furor. Yet these stories reveal that nine-tenths of them are of little merit.

Herein lies the danger of Mrs. Millin. She tells her story with such deceptive clarity and simplicity that the average reader is deluded into believing that the task of writing is absurdly simple. Great writing such as hers, they do not realize, has meant countless hours of labor, heartbreaking struggles to find the right word, and talent which borders so close upon genius that this reviewer cannot tell the difference.

Consider, for example, how Mrs. Millin in The Coming of the Lord, in a score of lines, catches superbly the hypocrisy of white religionists all over the world when faced with the color line. She is telling how the Levites, led by Aaron, the Kaffir, whose encampment during the Sabbath year on the hills above Gibeon furnished the motif for the story, came into being:

> . . . A certain Fingo preacher called Lucas M'fula, a Wesleyan Methodist, had, about ten years before, been dismissed from his church for certain ideas and enthusiasms unbecoming, it was thought, in a black minister.
>
> To begin with, he had asked the sort of questions Christ himself might ask if he came back to earth, and entered a church. "What religion is this?" Christ would whisper to the old gentleman sitting beside him. "What are those people doing? What does it mean?" . . . "Sh!" the old gentleman would answer. . . . And then he, Lucas M'fula, had an unorthodox and unsettling way of interpreting Scripture. He thought everything in the Holy Book was equally holy. He understood the Word from an unpractical Kaffir point of view. He put ideas into the earnest, peppercorned heads of his dark congregation which, being dark, they had no business to have. He told them that God loved them as much as he loved white people, and that they had no less right to his bounties.
>
> They nodded attentively. The Rev. Lucas M'fula was driven out of the church.

Here is an ironical simplicity which would not be out of place in a page of Anatole France. With the same economy of words she etches with equal skill and feeling the characters whose pitiable struggles are told. There is old Nathan and his brilliant physician son, Saul, battling against anti-Jewish prejudices; Tetyana, the Kaffir doctor, educated in Scotland, hated and suspected because, having a black skin, he has offended South African whites by becoming educated; Duerden, proud, incompetent, a failure in everything save use of his great body in physical combat, pathetic in his attempt to cover the fact that his household was supported by his wife, and detestable in his successful efforts to organize the Vigilantes, exact parallel in motives to our own Ku Klux Klan; Diethelm, German physician, morose, suspicious, and suffering in blind inversions over the death of his son killed in the British army fighting against Germany; Hermia, wife of Duerden, faithful, intelligent and the one intellectual companion for Saul in Gibeon—all these and others are delineated with magnificent understanding and precision.

THE Coming of the Lord is a great novel. Mrs. Millin has created no puppets to dance about at the will of their creator. One feels that she knows and understands the bitterness, the greed, the pathetic ambition of every person in the story, which sweeps with unerring and unbroken continuity up to the tragedy of Saul's death as he ministered to dying Aaron. God's Stepchildren, Mrs. Millin's earlier volume on a similar theme, was an excellent novel; The Coming of the Lord looms above it as high as the Rockies over the Berkshires. One realizes how race pride and greed belong to no one part of

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the world. One wishes that every American who harbors race prejudice of any sort may read The Coming of the Lord and see how exactly parallel the situation is in South Africa to the tragic race problem in the United States.

WALTER WHITE

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

People Are Funny!

WHEN I GROW RICH, *by Ethel Sidgwick. Harper. 461 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER, *by E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 320 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

HERE is capital reading, two novels with real stories about real and interesting people, told with the finish, subtlety, and discrimination which are signal qualities of some English women writers. When I Grow Rich tells of the haps and mishaps of a group of modern young people in London, students, writers and the like, who embark on an adventure in cooperative living and become naturally entangled in each other's affairs, with reasonably happy outcome. The Vicar's Daughter, by contrary, is bounded almost entirely by the household of the one cultivated family in an English seaside village. Its excitement—and it is real excitement with a last-minute dénouement which almost puts it in the mystery-story class—lies in the action and interaction of personality among people who have the wit and leisure to consider living as a fine art.

It is in stories such as these that the "psychological novel"—that *enfant terrible* of a decade ago—has come into its own. For here there is no aroma of the clinic, no deadly determination to drag out and dangle the lurking skeleton in every one's spiritual closet. The grand emotions may be taken with a tolerant smile, but there is kindly understanding also for the darker sides of character, and the capacity for humane insight which makes ordinary people—such as ourselves—a subject of interest and sympathetic amusement. These novels are both sensitive and substantial, substantial not by the weight of realistic detail or preconceived problem, but by the careful, good-natured, and appreciative observation of people as they are.

MARY ROSS

A Black Earth Mother

SCARLET SISTER MARY, *by Julia Peterkin. Bobbs Merrill. 345 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

NO other author of white blood seems able to do what Julia Peterkin can do: write of the primitive Negro with an almost pure-black comprehension. One can feel the sophisticated white mind back of DuBose Heyward's Porgy; Sherwood Anderson grasps the life of millions of southern Negroes only as a sort of dark chorus to white Southern life; but Mrs. Peterkin loves them for themselves and as they are.

The microcosm of Scarlet Sister Mary is the Negro quarter of the Blue Brook plantation of Mrs. Peterkin's first distinguished book, Black April. We meet Mary as a girl of fifteen and accompany her on her hearty way, her sinful way, for twenty years. In that time she goes no farther from the street of the quarter than to work in the fields and to buy at Grab-All, the general store. But her story is as full of life as an ant-hill.

Mary was the ward of Maum Hannah, a devout Christian. At twelve she had become Sister Mary, promising "to try to live as right as she could, never to dance again or sing reel songs, not to lie or steal or be mean or do anything low." At fifteen, in spite of Maum Hannah's counsel, she chose July as her husband, the wildest young buck of the quarter. Had July remained at home Mary would never have become a scarlet Mary, though before marriage they had sinned what to Maum Hannah was the scarlet sin (as distinct from black and not-so-black sin). But July was a sometime man and couldn't be held by any one woman. In less than a year, when little Unexpected was only six months old, July deserted Mary

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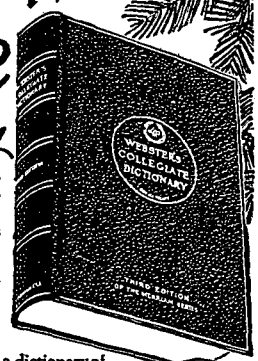

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and was not heard of again for twenty years. She pined, and longed to die. She learned that "it ain't no use to be a-tryin' to die. We got to stay here till our time is out. An' whilst we are a-stayin' we may as well try to act mannersable."

Life reasserted itself. For Mary, Maum Hannah's religion was too thin-blooded; she took the way of Daddy Cudjoe with his love-charms. She had had one heart-love and one heart-child. Now she had eye-loves and bore their flesh children. She loved and cared for the children unassisted, their fathers passing out of her thoughts. Men, she had concluded, were "poor fools, not one of them worth a headache, or a tear-drop, and yet, worthless as they are, by means of them her own life had become full and her heart had grown warm and glad again."

At last her beloved Unex's death sent Mary in agony to prayer for her ten scarlet sins, nine of her own and one of her daughter Seraphine, for whom she had set example. We leave Mary momentarily back in the good graces of Maum Hannah and the church elders. But we suspect that she will sin as long as there is strength in her body.

The story is almost as simple as a story of animal life. Nature plays a prominent part: The plum tree blooms, and it is spring; the fat flies swim in circles, and it is summer; the cotton leaves wilt, and autumn has come; the swamp gums and cypresses are naked, and all the windows and doors on the north side of the cabins are shut tight against the cold, and great fires roar in the clay chimneys. Mary at thirty-five is of a piece with black mother earth. She can pick three hundred pounds of cotton in a day; she can hoe an acre clean of grass as quick as any woman; she has "birthed" nine children and has never had a backache in her life. She has the philosophy of the earth: "You can' nebber blongst to nobody, an' nobody can' blongst to you. You breath come an' go mighty sweet when e free, but strive fo hold em, den e bitter."

FLORENCE LOEB KELLOGG

Thrice Toreador

ENGLISHMEN, FRENCHMEN, SPANIARDS, *by Salvador de Madariaga. Oxford University Press. 249 pp. Price $3.75 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

INTO the international arena of human interest comes a matador who plays three bulls at once: Spanish, French, and John Bull. He wastes no passes in dialectics, nor does he cloak his thought in confusion. With a psychological sword-play delicate as it is deadly, he pricks the qualities and defects of tendencies predominant in the three nations. By virtue of a keen intuition, fused with an intellect tempered and edged like a suave Toledo blade, Madariaga thrusts directly into the characters of these peoples. He is bent on getting to the heart of a country, hence he goes deep into natural laws. As a result of such penetration his essays are saturated with the essence of each nation, drawn from the anatomy of their similarity and difference, yet animated by elements that compose the life force in all men.

The first half of the book is based on his observation of the three peoples in their reactions toward life. Action for the Englishman; thought for the Frenchman; passion for the Spaniard are the major tendencies which shape these types. "The man of action harnesses to the chariot of his acts his intellect and his heart; the man of thought gives his acts and his passion as food to his intellect; the man of passion burns in his ardent soul his acts and thoughts."

There follows a development of actions and attitudes, leading into a synthesis, all of it spangled over with the flash of his wit and humor. As a scientific equestrian in either the field of fact or theory, Madariaga is equally at ease in maintaining both balance and control, the while he splits nations into their instinctive factors only to connect them again without a break, at the same time steering the vehicle of his thought and feeling along parallel lines to logical conclusions.

The second half comprises essays that bear out the prime

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hypothesis; essays which are to a high degree the ripe fruit of his spirit. There is a glow to them and a luster. They mirror the bright reflection of life, caught in its fervor by one who feels with all his senses the "heat in a handful of dust." His chapters deal with the social structure of France, England, Spain; their art and letters; the customs of the countries; and the two-fold passion, love and religion. If his impartiality is perhaps less obvious—and more Spanish—than the statement of his endeavor so to write, we must take into consideration the fact that such a work must inevitably be in great measure the result of individual intuition, the rich ore of divination strained through the medium of a strong and sensitive personality.

Madariaga is professor of Spanish in Oxford University, and until recently director of the Disarmament Section in the League of Nations. Above the doorway of international amity the message of this book, finely wrought as a Moorish mosaic, might well be set for an emblem of fellowship.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

It Will Not Down

BOSTON, *by Upton Sinclair. A. & C. Boni. 2 volumes. 755 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

From Boston, by Upton Sinclair, published by Albert & Charles Boni

THE Sacco-Vanzetti case will not down. The day after the execution, the Boston Herald advised "back to normalcy" and the general newspaper comment was that the matter was settled. Anatole France showed more wisdom when he wrote to Governor Fuller, "I say to you, beware of making martyrs. This is the unforgivable crime that nothing can wipe out and that weighs on generation after generation." Under the guidance of an eminently respectable committee, the evidence and court record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is in the course of publication in several volumes. The Outlook devoted its issue of October 31 to the facts of the Bridgewater crime, demonstrating beyond question that Vanzetti was innocent of this complementary charge. On November 8, the letters of Sacco and Vanzetti were published by the Viking Press. Within the last few weeks Gods of the Lightning, a play depicting the tragedy, has been produced in New York. Articles and books without number have appeared. But it remained for Upton Sinclair in his two-volume novel, Boston, to tell the story in the most forcible and dramatic fashion.

The moving, climatic sweep of the facts would easily lead one to Sinclair's apparent view that the tragedy arose from class conflict and was inevitable. In their grim realism, both men recognized that in their case the fight was hopeless. Yet in spite of the Chicago anarchist cases, Centralia, Tom Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti and others, this is hardly a fair picture. The shock and anguish of the case itself to millions of all classes, indicated that the case was rare and unusual, that the whole procedure was wholly out of conformity with our institutions. Sinclair himself refers to a chapter of unfortunate accidents—the defense learned too late of the existence of the Pinkerton reports and of new witnesses. And, fortunately, there are few communities of such rock-ribbed intolerance, with a Judge Webster Thayer, a Governor Fuller, a full reactionary bench with no dissent, and a committee governed by a Lowell—all existing at one time and in a state where the law permits the trial judge to hear all motions for new trials and

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denies an appellate review of the facts—a legal situation certainly not derived from any class consideration.

Whatever the legal system, human frailties are bound to interfere. A jury is not drawn from one class, and yet its conclusions are sure to be influenced by the emotions of the day. This was apparent during the War. If Sinclair had said that the power in this case was in the hands of prejudiced individuals, there would be no dissent. When he suggests that the case represented inevitable class judgment, he fails to realize that although we sometimes go tragically wrong, yet nowhere on earth is an individual subject to greater protection from injustice than in the United States. For instance, I am confident that had a reverse situation existed in Russia, the defendants and their kind, would have been shot immediately and the world would not have heard a word about it.

I believe that Sacco and Vanzetti were killed because they were anarchists. I likewise believe that Thayer and the whole Massachusetts set-up conscientiously believed the men on trial were murderers. That's the way bigoted minds work. But to assume the inevitability of class justice from this, is to ignore the traditional safeguards which in this case made possible a seven years' fight.

Most of the writings on the matter have concerned merely the legal case of Sacco and Vanzetti, although Eugene Lyon's book told a story of their lives. But here is a novel fitting their lives into a background. Strikes, social conditions, war, elections, pacifism, Ponzi, high finance, Boston society—all the various factors that made up the maelstrom of life between 1914 and 1927 are a necessary part of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

THE book is designated as a contemporary historical novel, with the characters in the case mentioned by name. Through the novel form one gets a picture of the minds and souls of the two convicted anarchists. Governor Fuller, described as a high-pressure "automobile salesman", interviewed the men. Sacco received him with dignity but with marked reserve. Vanzetti had enthusiastically tried to educate him in anarchistic ideas. The only moment of hope Vanzetti ever seemed to have had was after this interview, because this simple soul could not understand how a man could shake hands with him half a dozen times, treat him with courtesy—then send him to the electric chair.

One who had never heard of Sacco and Vanzetti would say that the work is highly imaginative; that such a society did not exist and could not represent a great American commonwealth. But Sinclair has a faculty of taking bungled facts and presenting a unified whole. He starts his story with the death of a governor whose aged wife, Cornelia Treadwell, runs away from home the day after the funeral to get away from the "cultural" background which had always oppressed her. She takes a job in the Plymouth Cordage Factory and lives with the Brinis, where Vanzetti is also a boarder. Vanzetti leads a strike and loses his job. Cornelia's granddaughter, Betty, provides the love interest, and her unconventional relations with Joe Randell, a newspaper reporter, are attributed by the family to her radical grandmother. The pregnant years of the War are involved with changing world development. The characters come from Boston's highest and Boston's lowest society. With rare understanding of both sides, Sinclair presents the class struggle as represented by the lives of individuals.

Sinclair is a master of sardonic comparison. The will of Elbert H. Gary is contrasted with Sacco's letter to his son Dante. Gary earnestly requested his wife and children that they steadfastly decline to sign bonds or obligations and that they refuse to make loans except on first-class security. Sacco advised his son that he should remember always "in the play of happiness don't you use all for yourself only, but down yourself just one step at your side and help the weak ones that cry for help, help the prosecuted and the victim because they are your better friends. They (*Continued on page* 318)

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(*Continued from page* 316) are the comrades that fight and fall, as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday for the conquest of the joy and freedom for all the poor workers. In this struggle of life you will find more love and you will be loved." Gary died honored and respected. Sacco died in the electric chair.

One is amazed at Sinclair's industry. For weeks in Boston he would talk about nothing but matters that concerned his novel. He has pointed out discrepancies in the testimony and statements of judges, not based on the record, that have escaped the close scanning of the most conscientious lawyers. Those familiar with the case who fail to read the book because there is nothing new to be learned, will be surprised at the material dug up by this indefatigable worker.

Not since Sinclair's book, The Jungle, has there been a more moving contemporary picture. Thousands who ignore legal articles and who are not interested in the technicalities of proof, will for the first time here learn the detailed facts concerning these two men. They will find the book as a novel too fascinating to be laid aside. They will forget that it is a close-in picture of the lives of two human beings and that it concerned such a heavy subject as history. The so-called liberal or cultural class will gain solace from the fact that many of their fellows were as outraged as those who regard themselves as subject to oppression.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

Down the Gypsy Trail

THE STORY OF THE GYPSIES, *by Konrad Bercovici. Cosmopolitan. 294 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

KONRAD BERCOVICI—raconteur of Gypsy tales to a magazine audience of ten million women—gives us a most exciting book. Although the illustrations by Charlotte Lederer remind one of insipid stage Gypsies in Il Trovatore, there is nothing pale about the author's writing. In his grandest manner Bercovici follows the elusive Gypsy trail westward from sacred India to unholy Hollywood, pausing frequently to repeat that a Gypsy—afield, in a cave, in a hotel or a dungeon, upon a meadow or crossing the sea—is the proudest and most paradoxical creature in the world. The tale is dedicated to the editor of Good Housekeeping (because, because, because . . .).

Konrad Bercovici has no patience with the pundits of the Gypsy Lore Society, with any professional Gypsy, or with the more indulgent welfare agencies that have assisted his Black Brotherhood to stave off persecution by police and to combat decimation by disease. He reports with journalistic abandon that Hull-House attempts to tame Chicago Gypsies and make them settle down, and that these settled Gypsies immediately die of tuberculosis. He is informed on the relation of Hull-House to the Gypsies. The writer of this review—a former resident of Hull-House—is referred to in the book as a young George Borrow preaching to the Gypsy a new kind of Americanism. The nearest I ever came to uplifting the Gypsies was in such enterprises as teaching Tene Bimbo to read street-signs, taking nomad Coppersmith Gypsies from the East Side of New York to Sherry's to entertain for good, big, gold coins, and dragging sick Gypsy children to a clinic that they might dance the faster and farther. Mr. Bercovici, it will be remembered, is the author of Crimes of Charity; he has not shed his old-time prejudices against social work.

When not chiding other meddlers in Gypsyland, he tells a deep Romani story. The homeland of the Gypsy and of his language is India. Beyond that there are many theories; Bercovici holds that they are Jats. It was in the early fifteenth century that western Europe acknowledged the presence of the wayward horde—beggars and dukes—who said they hailed from Egypt, a country which at that time they had enjoyed only vicariously.

The accounts of the kinds of Gypsies found today in Macedonia, Rumania, Hungary, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, England and the United States are colorful and, by and large, authentic. The chapters, however, overlap and seem designed for magazine publication; they (*Continued on page* 320)

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He has changed human nature again and again

THUS does the *New York Herald Tribune* hail Dr. Alfred Adler, the distinguished Viennese psychologist, and discoverer of the inferiority complex, whose new book UNDERSTANDING HUMAN NATURE is being acclaimed everywhere. This book is of tremendous importance (1) because it is the first popular presentation of the views of the outstanding psychologist of our generation and (2) because it shows the practical application of his principles to the conduct of one's everyday relationships, to the world, to one's fellow-men, and to the organization of one's personal life.

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One watches spellbound as the Viennese savant nonchalantly takes this elusive human nature of ours apart and puts it together again. One feels something more than doubt as to the validity of the old dictum regarding the impossibility of changing human nature. We suspect that Adler has changed it over and over again. —*The Medical Times.*

A HEALTHY PHILOSOPHY

Communal fellowship, an affectionate attitude toward children, a genuinely humble comradeship with them, an appreciation of their inner life, are the impressive doctrines that constitute the Adlerian basis for understanding human nature. It is a pleasure to find a psychologist writing so humanly and thoughtfully about problems that concern all of us so intimately. —*Sat. Review of Literature.*

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Heywood Broun says: *I recommend it for wisdom and a keener comprehension of social problems.* The Hartford Courant says: *Adler's law will be ranked by posterity with the fruitful discoveries of Darwin, Dalton, Pasteur and Priestly.* The Springfield Union calls it *fascinating. Readable and valuable* is the verdict of the Philadelphia Inquirer. *Almost a necessary book for those who are concerned with the upbringing of children* says the Forum.

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Dr. Jastrow was for more than thirty years professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, and was President of the American Psychological Association. His new book is an unusually popular and lively guide to everyday psychology and, at the same time, a sound, scientific work by an authority pre-eminent in his field.

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LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY

(*Continued from page* 318) aim at the spectacular. But then any Gypsy saga tends toward exaggeration. From the opening sentence of the book—"I am attempting to unravel the story of a people whose vocabulary lacks two words: duty and possession"—it is obvious that Konrad Bercovici, true to himself, is not a historian but a story-teller; a scholar Gypsy who has forsworn science, except when it is necessary to bend anthropology and philology to romantic purpose.

The inaccuracies and inconsistencies of the book are too pretty, and mainly too petty, to trouble those outside the Gypsy Lore Society. The anecdotes are delightful: A naked Gypsy sings in the snow while a fur-bundled Cossack freezes; a released Gypsy prisoner weeps and refuses to be consoled because his jailer is forever in jail; was Homer a Gypsy? . . .

It is unfair to suggest that this volume should contain an index and a bibliography. It was not written for researchers. Yet, the student, as well as the seeker of glamourous panorama, will find it full of material. Konrad Bercovici is too thoroughgoing a Gypsy himself to write an empty or a dull book. Gypsy entertainers never cheat a friendly public.

VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

EDITORIALS

(*Continued from page* 307)

difference between the bond-issue method and the current-revenue method is the difference between building hospitals for the treatment and cure of recoverable cases and building institutions for the care of cases that have become incurable."

As chronic patients increase in number, the cost of keeping them in institutions becomes increasingly heavier—and forces "economy" at the expense of those still curable, who are managing for a time to get along outside hospital walls. When it is too late for cure, they too will have to have care. The only way to break the vicious circle is by a long leap ahead, to catch up with the present emergency and forestall an even more serious future. That means money now, and in large enough quantities to make possible a far-sighted plan. If the social experience of other commonwealths is a guide, a bond issue is economical in the long run as well as wise and humane. Penny-wise is pound foolish. But it will take another campaign to convince Pennsylvania that this is the case. Education is a slow process, but here the impressive support of the welfare amendment by business, social and professional groups should give a head-start to another attempt. In the meantime the officials of Pennsylvania seem to have set themselves an arithmetical problem well worth watching however it turns out. They admit the need which Amendment No. 10 would have met; they promise adequate funds and no taxation. Administrative magic or statistical legerdemain would seem to be the answer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS made last week indicate that the five-year program of research and education entered upon by The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care will be paralleled by a program of education and action in the same field by the Julius Rosenwald Fund. This is the field in which Survey Graphic has published its ground-breaking series of articles by Michael M. Davis, executive secretary of the Committee on Dispensary Development. Our readers will be especially interested in the fact that Mr. Davis has been appointed director of Medical Services of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, to direct the program it is planning to undertake "in improving the organized facilities for medical service to the average man of moderate means." It is announced that "in these activities every effort will be made to cooperate with the medical profession," and that "special attention will be given to pay clinics."

Mr. Davis is known throughout the country as an authority on hospitals and clinics and a writer on public-health subjects.

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His recent book, Clinics, Hospitals and Health Centers, is the standard work in that field. As executive officer of the Committee on Dispensary Development of the United Hospital Fund of New York, he was responsible for the organization of the Pay Clinic of the Cornell University Medical College. During the past few years he has been engaged in studies of hospital problems for the Rockefeller Foundation and in private work as consultant to various organizations.

Commenting upon the new work which Mr. Davis is to direct, Edwin R. Embree, president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund of Chicago, said:

"Great loss in human welfare and happiness and in economic efficiency is caused by sickness, much of which can be cured or prevented by modern medicine. While the brilliant achievements of medical science are among the triumphs of the century, the full benefits of recent discoveries and present knowledge do not yet reach the average man. As Dr. William H. Welch, dean of American medicine, puts it: 'The health field has a woefully ineffective distribution service as compared with its enormously effective production service.' It is common knowledge that people of moderate means find it harder to get good modern facilities for diagnosis and treatment of illness than do the poor and indigent through charity services and free hospitals. The Julius Rosenwald Fund is planning to study and from time to time give practical aid to clinics and other organized medical services, including pay clinics."

Announcement is also made that Franklin C. McLean, chief of the Medical Clinics of the University of Chicago, has been elected a trustee of the Rosenwald Fund. William B. Harrell, a southern economist who has been identified with the University of North Carolina and the University of Chicago, will become secretary and comptroller of the fund.

THE GREATEST SHAMAN OF THE CHUKCHEE

(*Continued from page* 298)

the Pacific to the Arctic Ocean, along the north coast to the mouth of the Kolyma River, and then a thousand miles up the river into a country where even the Yakut do not go. There he would gather together the fragments of his people, lead them back to the north and establish a new home for them. What could I do? I could only bless him and send him on his way.

I gave him a radio set with both sending and receiving apparatus. For a long time I kept in touch with him in that way. But now, for many months there has been no word. But this fall (since I came to America, in fact) his sister arrived at the institute from nowhere, asking for 'Grandpa Bogoras' and demanding a chance to learn. And so I know that he is alive somewhere and doing his work.

"Each Leningrad University student in the department of ethnology must give several months in every third trimester to field work, and before graduation he must go out for two or three years. At first all we hear from him is 'Let me come back! I am so homesick!' But the second year he really gets down to work, and the third year the germ of ethnography gets into his blood. When he returns to civilization his great ambition is to get back into the field again. Usually he must work up his scientific data before he can resume his work in the field. Many of the Arctic schools have been started in this way by these students.

"One of the first instances was about four years ago, when one of my senior assistants at the university went into the North with his young wife and three-months-old baby. In one of the reindeer camps he found a half-underground house with two rooms, one ten meters square, the other sixteen. He and his family lived in the smaller room. In the larger he gathered twelve boys. They slept there in three rows of bunks at night, like a ship's cabin. By day it was their schoolroom. Not one of these boys knew a single Russian word, so their teacher learned their language (Samoyed). Since all the Siberian rivers flow north, he could get logs cut in the upper ranges and floated down to him. With these he and the natives built a good

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schoolhouse and a house for himself and his family. He composed a text-book in Samoyed and taught his pupils to read and write. He helped the boys construct a radio, mostly from cooking utensils his wife had carried with her from Leningrad. It was magic to those people. When he put the headphones to their ears and they caught voices and music from the outside world they were sure they heard the spirits talking. Presently the school had forty pupils and three classes. The first class was in Samoyed, but the two upper classes had mastered enough Russian to be taught in that language. After three years my assistant came back to Leningrad again. Now all he can think of is how to return to his northern 'home.'

"Many of the tribes are unable to tie themselves even to a camp. Among these nomads are the Tungus, who move with the reindeer herds, each clan keeping to its own range of a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles. To teach and to study the Tungus we have traveling schools that journey with them. Our women students are better than our men for these traveling schools. The women are light and do not tire out the reindeer. They teach in the open air. Every time their hands are out of their mittens they are frostbitten, but these young teachers make light of that. Through these reindeer schools they not only teach people that could not be reached in any other way, but they also get deep inside the native life. You have probably heard that Arabian proverb, 'You do not know a man till you have eaten two pounds of salt with him.' I have changed that for the Arctic, making it passive instead of active: 'You do not know much about a native tribe till its vermin have taken two pounds of your blood.' That food is taken in minute portions, so it requires a long stretch of time. This only means that the ethnographer's work is a long, long work. There is no short-cut to understanding."

Dr. Bogoras tells almost endless stories of the willingness of these young communist-scientists to go long and painful roads carrying education to the farthest outposts of Russian territory and at the same time increasing the available knowledge of the various cultures that make up the nation. He speaks with both pride and anxiety of the young assistant who worked with the Chukchee group at the institute and who has now gone out to study a fishing community of maritime Chukchee near East Cape.

"First he married a university classmate, also an ethnographer, so he need not go out alone, and then he went away for two years. He will be an administrator and his wife will organize and teach a school. They will live in a corrugated iron house they took with them, on a coast so windswept that at fifty degrees below zero the sea never freezes. There is not one shred of vegetation and no fuel. The natives live in skin tents or in underground rooms. These two young people will have to exist on seal and walrus meat as the natives do, with such supplies as they took in with them. What fuel they will have in addition to blubber they had also to carry in with them. They must share their possessions with the natives. In all the tribes that is the custom. When they come back, they will be able to add greatly even to my study of the Chukchee, with whom I have spent so many years. And of course they will come back."

THERE are three other students about whom Dr. Bogoras tells with special pride.

"These three graduated recently from the university, two men and a woman. The woman is the leader of their expedition to the Yamal Peninsula and White Island, to get acquainted with some tribes of Northern Samoyed that have never been visited by white men. They were not even included in the last census (1926) which was taken with great care, in the North by students of our own department of ethnography. These Samoyed live by hunting polar bears and walruses. That is about all we know of them. The three young people were dropped off at the nearest inhabited place by a wheat steamer of the Polar fleet. These boats go every year from Archangel to the mouths of two of the great Siberian rivers to gather up the wheat that has descended from the harvest fields of the South. These students will make their way to the unknown territory as best they can. They took with them scientific instruments, food and medicine. Next fall the steamer will come again, but they will probably remain another year. Meanwhile,

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we have no news of them except that the steamer put them off and went away."

This study of native cultures goes on, not only in the field but also through the institute in Leningrad. University students use the institute as a sort of ethnographical laboratory. Recently two of the institute pupils were "loaned" to the University of Helsingfors to aid professors (accomplished linguists) in taking down the phonetics of their languages on a dictaphone. They were much elated and one wrote, "We are the professors of the Finnish professors." The institute pupils also act as interpreters for classes in Leningrad University. "Just like their two comrades at Helsingfors," Dr. Bogoras explains with a twinkle in his eye, "they do not consider themselves our assistants. 'Oh, yes,' they say with a swagger, 'Bogoras is helping me teach Chukchee in the university.' "

As a scientist, Dr. Bogoras speaks with the satisfaction of work well done when he talks about his own adventures in understanding among the peoples of the far North, and with fatherly pride when he describes how the students he has trained are carrying forward important lines of investigation. But it is the enthusiasm of the young revolutionist that kindles in his eyes when he talks about the institute and the schools that spring up, twenty or more a year, in far-off regions beyond roads and mails and the ties that knit the modern world together.

"Our scientific work is sound," he says quietly, "but there are torn scraps of paper and bits of filthy rag with shaky letters traced on them that find their way back to us from skin-lined hovels and wandering reindeer schools—to me they are like banners in the wind. For they are the real triumph of culture on the tundra."

OVER A COUNTER

(*Continued from page* 287)

old man mopping up a bloody face with an entirely bloody handkerchief.

"It ain't nothing, Mrs. Just my tooth. I'd like to go back in there to get it. That's my last tooth, last one I got."

"Just a minute, who struck you?"

"That Eyetalian, Mrs. He didn't do it intentional. Was getting ready for a fit, he was. Always fights before he has 'em. I never hit him. Certainly not. *Never strike a patient.* I got ground parole. Been here fifteen years. Can I get that tooth now, Mrs.? The attendants have took the Eyetalian off."

Some one has brought in a kitten, an aristocrat of a kitten, and put her on the counter. Peter, the janitor, brings her a saucer of cream and she eats it with deliberate daintiness. A small crowd collects around her.

"She's a Maltee."

"She ain't, a Maltee is stripedy."

"Ain't her tongue pink!"

"A Maltee is stripedy, like a tiger."

"Gentlemen, permit me to inform you that a Maltese cat is gray, usually, blue gray. This kitten is, I should say, a battleship gray. She has no doubt gained in this quality of grayness by reason of the fog and the sky. She is without doubt a variety of Maltese. Is it not so, Madame?"

"Since it is raining, Mrs., would you play It Ain't Gonna Rain No More, No More? It's under the counter on the bottom of the stack."

"And after that touching and futile musical assertion, would you, Madame, play for me Erlkönig and Tannhäuser—oder Mein holder Abendstern?"

Jake comes over to the counter. He has a letter from home. He would like it read to him. It is a brave, simple letter. The young sister who wrote it said among other things, "We would like to send you a Christmas present, but we ain't got the money to buy it with." Jake says, "Oh, shucks." He would like the letter answered. He has at the moment no stamps, no pencil, no paper and he has never been to school. He cannot even tell her what to say in the letter, but this correspondence makes Jake very happy.

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"Peter Henry Bancroft? Peter Henry Bancroft?" The shopkeeper pages him, but he is not in the house. She telephones the ward, but he is not there. Then she asks the girl, "Would you know him if he should come in?"

The girl laughs, "Been married to him five years!" She goes outside to look for him and in ten minutes is back with Peter Henry, saying, "By the gate he was, watching for me."

Before, after and during all the incidents of a long day this storekeeper hostess has been saying, "Pinochle or straight? The last cribbage board is out. Let me see, Kay, I'll hold you responsible; two bats, the old catcher's mitt, one ball, three gloves. Remember, the House closes at five. Yes, here are the checkers, will you use a board or a table? Who won the last rubber? No, I haven't read that story. I don't always read the Cosmopolitan. Yes, the adventure story, Stewart Edward White in the Post. Yes, I have lived in New York and know that section well. Yes, at Columbia. What year were you? No, I'm sorry, I don't know a thing about horse-racing. Yes, I am married. This is the 30th, Bradford. No. I haven't cousins named Tilford."

A giant approaches and removes the cotton from his ear: "I wanna tell you something, Mrs. I wanna tell you confidential. I wanna ask you will you please . . . " here the voice becomes as much a whisper as is practical for a basso profundo, "I wanna ask you will you please see the doctor about my ear? It has went back on me completely and totally. What I want him to do is to puncture my eardrum. Put a hole in it, so's the sound can get in. Wouldn't take him a minute and it's the newest thing. Got a newspaper clipping."

"But, Jones, this isn't anything I can tackle for you. Ask your doctor yourself. If there's anything he can do for your ear, he'll do it gladly. Tell him your hearing is getting worse and—"

"But Mrs., you can tell him better than me. You don't get nothing in this world unlest you got a woman to agitate for you. Now all I want you to do is—"

O'Brien leans across the counter to say in his inimitable brogue, "Now do you believe in cremation for the deceased? I am personally opposed to such disposal. First, because Holy Church forbids it, and second, because I keep thinking as how I might issue like a cloud of smoke from the vase I was supposed to be still in."

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CHRISTMAS CHARITY, LTD.

(*Continued from page* 288)

how such people live. Can't you find me some one more deserving, some neat, clean little family, needy, but—well, self-respecting, you know?"

The Christmas Editor would try. She took the telephone number. Then she resumed her inspection of leftovers. Could every one be clean? Was it wholly a matter of soap? Or of strength, character, standards, glands perhaps. . . .

Her musings were cut short by the advent of a man caller,

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dominant, brisk. He would take two families if he could find the right ones. Do the right thing by them and everything. He represented a men's club.

The Christmas Editor drew out the Trecasso card. He waved it aside. "No, we want a good American family, not a bunch of dagoes. Some good Americans on their uppers, you know. Do the right thing by 'em all right. Put 'em on their feet again. Last year we took three families. Never saw anything like it. They were so grateful."

The Christmas Editor selected two cards. "No, I must have half a dozen at least," he protested. "Then we can drive around and look 'em all over and pick out the ones we want. In that way we'll make sure they're deserving."

"All of our families are investigated by trained social workers," ventured the Christmas Editor.

"I know. But just the same we want to check up on 'em ourselves. Don't want to take any chances on getting a bunch of loafers or foreigners. One fellow we investigated last year had an old Ford sitting in his yard. I say that any man who can buy gasoline for a Ford can buy his family a Christmas dinner. All right. Thanks. I'll look these over. You're sure they're all white? And Americans? Thanks. Call you later."

The telephone jangled an accompaniment to his departure. Mrs. Avery wanted to turn back Family No. 19. The woman was divorced. Why hadn't the Christmas Editor told her? She would like a nice little family of church-going folk. One that was clean. If there were one in which the man was incapacitated or the woman a widow, that is "a real widow, you know. . . ."

The Christmas Editor, whose nerves were snapping, cut her short with an injunction to call tomorrow. A new list of families would be in then.

AGAIN she turned to the leftovers. Why couldn't all needy women be widows? It would simplify charity a lot. Why not shoot all husbands at Christmas time? Especially those out of work.

A caller in sables interrupted. "My, dear, I want the very neediest family you have," she purred. "My husband and I always go out on Christmas Eve and take the things around. It's more fun, especially if the families are awfully needy. Last year we played Santa Claus to a family of Negroes. You never saw anything like it. They were so grateful. You know lots of people won't take Negroes, but I really prefer them if you get the kind who know their place. They seem to appreciate what you do. Some of these white families are so uppity. However, if you have a really deserving one—"

The Christmas Editor interrupted eagerly. Here was a chance for the Trecassos. She showed the visitor the card. "*Seven* children," she emphasized, "and they live upstairs in the rear."

The visitor was enraptured. "Lovely!" she exclaimed as she copied the address. "It will be more fun! I do think that you get lots more out of Christmas when you do something for somebody else."

A delicate aroma of perfume lingered after she had departed. The Christmas Editor turned again to the shrieking telephone. "No, the expectant mother who needed baby clothing has been provided for," she said patiently. "No, I don't think she will need anything more—we had at least two dozen offers of aid for her. No, we haven't any more widows with small children. Yes, all our families are thoroughly investigated. Yes, they are white. No, we don't call for old clothes."

She hung up the receiver listlessly. Why couldn't all indigent families be standardized, like other Christmas merchandise, to meet popular demand? How easy it would be if one could say, "Yes, I have a new consignment of two gross widows, all refined gentlewomen, each with three small children who are kept scrupulously clean and who believe in Santa Claus." Well, this wasn't Utopia. She closed her desk and picked up a card bearing the memorandum, "Mrs. Jones, 112 East Second Street." It was an emergency call. The family was destitute, in need of immediate aid, the voice over the telephone had pleaded. No investigator was available.

In an unpainted shack, rising on stilts out of a dump-hollow, the Christmas Editor found the Joneses. An old coat was stuffed in a broken window-pane and a hunk of plaster from the ceiling lay on the floor. A frowsy slattern with stringy,

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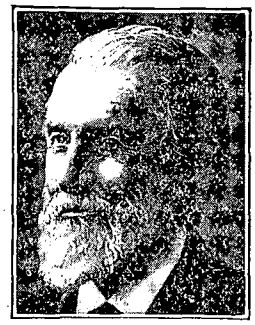

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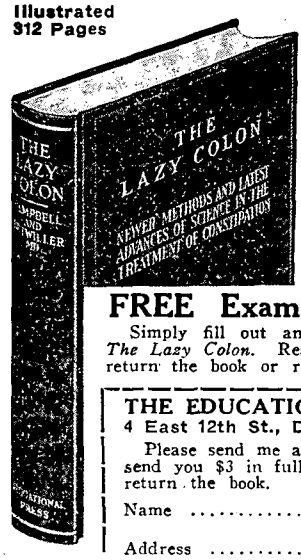

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bobbed hair and two teeth, peeled potatoes at the table while her imbecile sixteen-year-old son played on the floor with some blocks. A daughter, a sallow little schoolgirl, sat on the couch beside a shifty-eyed man visitor. A fat dog reclined on a pillow.

"Yes, I was afraid they'd pass me up again this year," the crone was saying. "And I ain't got a thing in the house but these potatoes. I let my coffee and everything get low 'cause I was countin' on a Christmas basket. We was the only ones in the neighborhood they missed. They took baskets and fine presents to them Eye-tal-yuns in the settlement, and they tell me them Mexicans down by the railroad tracks got more'n they could eat. And then us Americans get nothin'. It ain't right, I tell you. And me a pore widow woman at that."

"WHAT'S THE IDEA?"

(*Continued from page* 301)

bridesmaid for her to any man on earth, if I could just cut loose and be let alone." But apparently Mrs. Patton's wealth was as powerless as Mrs. Szechewski's poverty, when it came to attracting a suitable husband. She did not marry again, and Dorothy did not have the heart or the courage to leave her. Annie was unfilial, and left. Dorothy was over-persuaded and stayed. Neither seemed to do just the right thing. Yet is there any middle ground to leaving home? You either do it, or you do not. And if both courses are undaughterly or unsatisfactory—again the girls ask, "What's the idea?"

Mary Tiskey's family faced such an emergency that she had no choice. She just couldn't leave them. Her mother had died leaving four younger than she, and her father absolutely could not support them unaided. It is one thing to desert an able-bodied parent, and another to let babies go hungry. So all Mary's pay as a waitress (which was not large) and her tips (which were) went into the mouths of the little Tiskeys like worms into a nest of robins. But to get tips, you have to look pretty and "kid" the customers. To be successful in securing a fifty-cent piece, you must not be too squeamish with the "smart-alecks"! Moreover if the "smark-aleck" drives you home, you save ten cents, you are off your feet (which means a good deal to a waitress), and in addition you are having a very pleasant ride. In short, the sequel to Mary's story is fairly evident. Under the circumstance, just what could you expect of Mary? Never to angle for tips? Never to steal off to a show with a generous stranger who supplied her with small talk and a ticket? Never to get a joyride the only way she could ever get one? When asked to account for a fur coat that could not be bought for nothing, could any one reasonably expect the truth? And should one be surprised if Mary lied, when asked who was her escort and where she went? Any one with a reasonable knowledge of human nature ought to have expected of Mary Tiskey exactly what took place. Her father would not see what he could not afford to see. And Mary who could see nothing in the future but "slinging hash," insisted upon making the most of the present and no questions asked. It would have taken a courageous customer to marry Mary and raise all the little Tiskeys, which he would inevitably have had to do. Mary did not expect it of any one. So there the matter stood. Mary's duty was plain. She ought to have been an unselfish drudge without a dream of pleasure. She consented to the drudgery. But she insisted upon diversion with it. And diversion with people who gave her clothes and compliments and spared her pity. So much for Mary.

Gertie took the opposite road. Her parents were legitimately ill, if long-neglected teeth, digestion, and goitre, are legitimate in these days. At any rate her father had rheumatism, and her mother a bad heart. Both of them had a horror of hospitals, and no money to pay for treatment even if they had entered one. The boys had wandered away leaving no address, so Gertie had both Mr. and Mrs. Glumph permanently on her hands. She attended Veronica's uproarious wedding in a shabby dress. What else had she? For Gertie did not get dresses from her customers. And no young man present felt the urge to pay court to the haggard, silent girl. How could you expect him to? So while the wedding dance was in full swing, Gertie stole down to the lake, and they found her floating by the pier

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in the morning. Some things are just too much to bear. And Veronica's wedding was evidently the last insufferable straw to be laid on Gertie's thin round shoulders. More virtuous than Mary? Yes. But Virtue is a chilly goddess if she lands you in the lake!

SO none of them chose right. Veronica was impudent and reckless, and Annie was unfeeling and tricky. Eloise escaped by means of an unloved husband, and grew hard. Dorothy did not escape, and grew sour. Mary staggered under a family load which she tried to forget in unsavory company. Gertie saw no way to lighten her load, so cast it off, and hurled herself into the abyss. If all of them were wrong, was there any way that they might have been right?

A popular "complex" in the new psychology is that which attacks girls who wish that they were boys. It is called "the masculine protest," and all six of our heroines had a bad attack of it. Moreover it needed no very astute probing to find out why. All were nursed in the tradition that boys confer a greater favor upon their parents by being born. All of them either earned or owned money as did their brothers, but with a greatly curtailed freedom in the handling of it and no freedom at all in parental obligations. All of them belonged to social groups which held "old maids" in derision, but to families who seriously handicapped their chances of being anything else. The boys had the acknowledged right to leave their parents and "go hunting." Their sisters could not even frequent the hunting-grounds and allow themselves to be hunted! Bud went boldly forth to seek his mate. Veronica got her ears boxed if she did not stay in the kitchen ironing his shirt so that he could. "Heads you win, tails I lose," she used to mutter. "It sure is one heck of a mess being a girl. If Bud is so much better, why don't they hang on to him and leave me alone? I suppose I'm handier to kick. The only way to get away, is to *run* away, and I will some day." And she did. So did Annie. So did Eloise. So did Gertie. Mary and Dorothy did not. Which ones were the nearer right? Is the call of the ego, the mate, and the future family, as legitimate as the tie to the parents, and the family-that-already-is? Is it more so? Is it as legitimate and compelling for the sister as the brother? Or is the distinction drawn between them by Pattons and Pish-pashes, Shaws and Szechewskis, both just and final?

The man to decide this is Solomon. He would grimly order the executioner to carve the girls in twain—a slice to satisfy the relations, and a slice to toss into the future to the children which every mentor, from the college president to the woman's page, assures them they must create. "Wifehood and motherhood is your greatest career," is sonorously (if somewhat nervously) trumpeted to every feminine audience. "Very good," agree Veronica, Annie, and the rest, "let us be up and at it." They all agree that all they need to fulfil this destiny is a little money to live on, and considerable freedom to look around. They insist that they can earn the former, if they can only be let alone to cultivate the latter. If Bud cannot wheel little Mike in his buggy when calling on his girl, neither can Veronica be washing up after both of them if she is to entertain her boy friend. The boy friend is entertained neither by little Mike nor by the washing. "Are we as free with our time and our money as our brothers, to turn our backs on the past, to plan for the future, and to feather our nests for our mates?" ask they of the "masculine protest." "Or do we owe a double debt to Nature in payment for our right to live? If we do—'What's the idea?'"

PROHIBITION AND PUBLIC HEALTH

(*Continued from page* 292)

prohibition (1910-16) was greater than in any former period of the same length. This is true even for the wettest states, such as Maryland, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and New York, as will be seen from Table 4 (page 292), prepared from the records of the Census Bureau.

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(*Continued from page* 327)

than the female. The peak of the male tuberculosis death-rate is between 40 and 50 years and moving steadily to the higher age, while that of the females is between 20 and 30 years. Evidently some influence of major importance has affected the entire tuberculosis death-rate, and that of men to a greater degree than that of women, a situation entirely consistent with a widespread reduction in the use of alcoholic beverages among wage-earners, and believed to be in large part for this reason.

The experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is even more striking than that of the states reported upon above; it deals with both sexes and all ages for their Industrial Department. It will be seen that the reduction prevails among the colored as well as among the white, though to a less degree, which is consistent with the fact that the death-rates from alcoholism among the colored have not shown as great a reduction as among the whites, and their rate of alcoholic deaths has risen more rapidly and higher than among the whites from the low rate of 1920 up to and including 1927.

The following table gives the percentage of change in tuberculosis death-rates, all ages, colored and white, male and female, for the experience of the Industrial Department of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company:

	Whites		Negroes	
Years	Male	Female	Male	Female
1911-16	—15%	—17%	+.5	—10
1920-27	—36%	—31%	—20	—24

WHEREVER the records are obtained for the first admissions for alcoholic psychoses or for all admissions for alcoholic psychoses to mental hospitals, in relation to admissions to these hospitals for all forms of mental disease, or to total population, the evidence is very definite that in 1919, 1920, and 1921 a lower level was reached than had ever occurred before, and that since then there has been a rise in alcoholic psychoses admissions, but in no year since prohibition has this reached nearly the level of pre-prohibition experience, and since 1924 there has again been a tendency to a drop in the rate of admissions.

Chart F (page 292) expresses the experience of Massachusetts as reported by the commissioner of mental diseases of that state in his annual reports since 1917.

The admission rate to mental-disease hospitals for alcoholic psychoses was higher for every nationality other than the native-born, except for those of Rumanian and Spanish birth. Whereas the rates of such admissions for the native-born in 1922 throughout the country represented 6.9 per cent of total admissions to mental-disease hospitals for all causes, the corresponding rate for those of Irish nativity was 40.4 per cent, of Lithuanian nativity was 38.5 per cent, of Finnish nativity was 38.5 per cent, of Austrian nativity was 35.5 per cent.

It is easy to see from this why in the large eastern and northeastern industrial states and cities, especially those of the seaboard, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, where the foreign-born chiefly congregate, the sentiment for alcohol and against the prohibition amendment is so strong, and why there is among these sections of the population so much violation of the law of the land. It will be seen that each of the three fifteen-year groups shows the same trend.

As in Massachusetts, so in the country as a whole, to quote the United States Census Bureau Report, 1923, Patients in Hospitals for Mental Disease, page 61:

> The decline [in alcoholic psychoses admissions] has been brought about by a change in the habits of the people with respect to drinking, and by the Eighteenth Amendment and laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. As these laws now apply to the whole country, a reduction in the percentage of alcoholic cases is noted in nearly every state in 1922.

The rate of such admissions is about twice as high among the foreign-born population as among the native-born. The age group from 20 to 30 shows a greater fall in admission rates for alcoholic psychoses than do any of the older age groups. The foreign stock in the United States contributes to hospital cases of alcoholic psychoses twice as much as its proportion to population.

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Patients in hospitals for mental disease throughout the U. S. January 1, 1923

	General population of U.S., 1920	Patients with alcoholic psychoses *in* hospitals, January 1, 1923
Total	105,710,620	7,396
Foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage	36,398,778	5,171
Per cent of foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage	34%	69%

The foreign stock percentage of alcoholic psychoses among patients in hospitals for mental disease throughout the United States, January 1, 1923, was three times that of native stock.

	Native-born of native parentage	Foreign-born or of foreign or mixed parentage	Foreign-born
Total white patients	92,943	111,663	69,984
Alcoholic psychoses	1,449	5,071	3,455
Per cent of alcoholic psychoses	1.5%	4.5%	4.9%

Computed from Tables 88 and 91, U.S. Census Bureau: Patients in Hospitals for Mental Disease, 1923.

WHILE the identification of drug addicts on the basis of medical or police and court records is a matter of the greatest uncertainty, the degree of inaccuracy or incompleteness does not in all probability vary significantly from year to year. The evidence is unanimous from all over the United States, from hospitals, courts, and police, that addiction to narcotic drugs (opium and its derivatives and cocain and its derivatives) has decreased since prohibition, as for instance in New York City, from 4,049 in 1921, or 71.1 per 100,000 of population, to 2,671 in 1925, or 45.4 per 100,000 of population.

There is certainly no close correlation between alcohol addiction and other narcotic-drug habits, but at least it is clear that the habits of our people even under the most favorable conditions for illicit drug distribution, as in our large seaport cities, have revealed less and not greater prevalence of drug addiction since prohibition.

Reduction in the admissions to hospital care of patients suffering from acute alcoholism in proportion to the population served has been observed throughout the country to be less marked in the past three years in the centers of anti-prohibition sentiment and law violation, New York, Boston, and Baltimore.

The following significant table of experience of all the Marine Hospitals operated in the United States by the United States Public Health Service shows the extent of alcoholism and drug addiction as found among merchant seamen in our seaboard and lake and river cities who, together with certain other male beneficiaries of the federal government, constitute the clientele of these hospitals.

	Total patients discharged	Total deaths	Cases of acute and chronic alcoholism	Deaths from alcoholism	Cases of drug addiction
1925	31,908	879	240	1	30
1926	33,275	872	225	5	17
1927	33,531	901	283	1	8
Total	98,714	2652	748	7	55

There were nine deaths from cirrhosis of the liver among the patients admitted to these hospitals in the three years.

The same set of facts for the Marine Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts, serving the seamen of the Port of Boston are as follows:

	Total patients discharged	Total deaths	Cases of acute and chronic alcoholism	Deaths from alcoholism	Cases of drug addiction
1925	1464	40	7	0	0
1926	1567	38	5	1	0
1927	1759	44	5	0	0
Total	4790	122	17	1	0

"One death from cirrhosis of the liver occurred during these three years; the patient was an alcoholic and a syphilitic."

"Of the seventeen alcoholics treated at this hospital during these three years all but two were men in their forties, most of them old alcoholics admitted for exacerbations. There was no case of delirium tremens admitted during the three years, nor did any such case develop after admission. There was no case of Korsakow's psychosis, or of alcoholic multiple neuritis admitted during this period. . . .

"No patient was admitted for or treated for drug addiction in this period, and there was nothing which leads to the belief that any patients treated during (*Continued on page* 333)

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(*Continued from page* 331) this period were using drugs or had used such in the past. No undue desire for narcotics was noted in any post-operative case during this time."—U.S. P.H. Weekly Reports, April 6, 1928. Volume 43, Number 14.

That prohibition has reduced the number of chronic alcoholics needing institutional care is shown by the reduction in number of such establishments from 273 which were operating before prohibition, to not more than 50 which had a federal permit in 1927 and were engaged in the treatment of alcoholics. There is no record of the extent to which these are used for alcoholics. All special municipal and state homes or hospitals for inebriates have been closed since national prohibition.

As an index of the change in the hygiene of the home following prohibition, the extent to which the delinquent child is related to alcoholism of the parents is presented in a publication of the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, September, 1927. The author, Alice Channing, found that in 1925 alcoholism of the parents of delinquent children was still a considerable problem in Boston (a very wet city) although since 1919 the incidence of alcoholism among the fathers has been much less than before that date. This is expressed mathematically as follows. In the twenty-four months—July 1, 1917 - June 30, 1919, 36.9 per cent of the fathers of delinquent children were found to be habitual alcoholics; while in the twenty-four months, July 1, 1920 - June 30, 1922, only 16.6 per cent were found to be habitual alcoholics; and in the five years since prohibition, July 1, 1920 - June 30, 1925, the percentage of alcoholic fathers averaged 20.6.

This experience is quite parallel with the reduction of arrests for drunkenness and other evidences of lessened use of alcohol by the wage-earner and the poorer classes of the community.

Similar evidence of the change brought about by national prohibition is the altered proportion of cases of dependency coming to the attention of family-welfare and relief organizations in which intemperance was an important factor. The change has been marked, widespread and of considerable uniformity. In 1899 in ten of the large cities of the country the per cent of all cases of dependency as seen by relief agencies ranged from 14.9 per cent in New Haven, Connecticut, to 57.6 per cent in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, five of the cities (Brooklyn, New York, Rochester, Washington, and Baltimore) showing percentages between 21 per cent and 24 per cent.

Among twenty-seven cities reported upon in 1926, including the ten reported upon in 1899, only one showed a percentage as high as 20 (22.2 per cent) for alcoholism as an important factor in family dependency; seventeen cities showed percentages under 10 per cent and the remaining nine cities gave rates between 10 per cent and 14 per cent.

The decrease in intemperance as a cause of family dependency between the prohibition years of 1916-17 and the prohibition period 1926, in twenty cities reporting, varied from one of 23 per cent in one city to over 50 per cent reduction in eleven cities, with a range among these of 53 per cent to 97 per cent reduction.

There appears to have been a reduction of 33 per cent in the incidence of crimes against... (*Continued on page* 336)

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SENIOR CASE WORKER, Catholic, desires position, preferably as a district secretary. Address 6257 SURVEY.

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EXECUTIVE with extensive experience as organizer in Settlement and Institutional work. Can furnish A-1 references. Available immediately. 6266 SURVEY.

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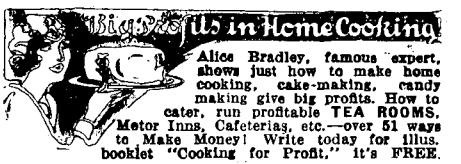

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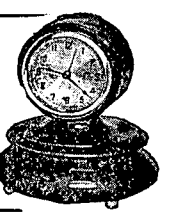

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(*Continued from page* 333) chastity which, taken with the reduction in arrests of persons conducting houses of prostitution, may be considered as indirect evidence of a favorable effect of prohibition on the incidence of venereal diseases.

Instances of cruelty to children requiring official protection of the child in the home, in which alcoholism played a part, appear to have been reduced in Massachusetts, a moderately wet state, with Boston a very wet city, from 47.7 per cent of parental neglect in 1916 to 21.9 per cent in 1924.

Less of the material and money relief needed now for dependent families is due to alcoholism of parents than was the case before prohibition, the reduction being from 25 per cent in 1918 to 9 per cent in 1925 in the state of Pennsylvania (a wet state) according to Dr. Ellen Potter, former director of the Department of Welfare of that state.

The great increase in the enrollment of children in high-schools and their continuation into education beyond the grades and years of attendance required by law, is attributed by many in part at least to the greater ease of circumstance and economic stability of the home so that the child need not go at once from the elementary-school grades directly into self-supporting work, but can be spared for a few further years of education.

AMONG the evidences of changes in the housekeeping habits following prohibition is the marked increase in the use of milk since 1920, in most of the large cities of the country, and as a typical example in the city of New York, where the total amounts of milk and of cream received have been carefully recorded and published monthly since 1884. In 1890 the per capita consumption of milk was 74 quarts per annum and in 1924 it was 137 quarts. The annual use of cream in New York City increased from 2.4 quarts per capita in 1890 to 8 quarts in 1924. Among the causes of this increase are the improved quality of the milk supply, the increase in the proportion of Jews in the population, a race with the habit of high milk consumption, and educational efforts urging the value and economy of milk as a healthful food, as well as the reduction in the use of alcoholic beverages at the home table.

According to the study of Norton and Spencer, representing the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the New York State College of Agriculture: "Since 1918, prohibition has stimulated the use of milk as a drink. The remarkable expansion of the ice-cream business is due, in part, to the same cause, and accounts for a large share of the increase in cream receipts in recent years." The change in the rate of increase in the use of milk is seen from the fact that in the twenty years, 1890-1910, the per capita consumption increased 29.1 per cent while in the four years 1920-24 it increased 12.1 per cent. Throughout the country as a whole, between 1913 and 1924, there was an increase of from 20 to 25 per cent in the consumption of milk and milk products, according to estimates published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

WHILE there is no wholly reliable method of estimating the actual amount of alcoholic beverages now consumed in the United States in violation of the law, approximations that probably have no greater error than 10 per cent to 20 per cent can be made for the years since the operation of federal prohibition. Table 5 is offered as accurate for 1900-1919 and as reasonable for the years 1920-25.

Table 5. Consumption of alcoholic beverages in the U. S. in gallons of ethyl alcohol per capita of the male population 15 years of age and over, known, 1900-1919, from U. S. Statistical Abstract; estimated, 1920-1925, from all available official and non-official sources of information by Robert E. Corradini, New York City, March, 1926

Year	Gallons
1900	4.091
1905	4.504
1910	4.741
1915	4.385
1919	2.333
1920	1.114
1921	.516
1922	.198
1923	.185
1924	.113
1925	.099

IMPROVEMENT and maintenance of health, as well as early and preventive care of the sick, depend so closely upon family income and the security of employment at an adequate wage, that whenever there is a wider spreading of wealth and increase of general prosperity, certain of the important causes of death, such as tuberculosis and infant mortality, are found to fall.

There has been great increase in general prosperity in recent years in the United States. This has been reflected in higher standards of physical comfort and convenience in the homes of wage-earners. Better housing, clothing, and food have been obtained for the people of the lower income levels. What part prohibition has played in this prosperity and its accompanying improvement in family well-being and health cannot be statistically presented, but that the outlawing of the liquor traffic has been an element in diverting earnings and savings to more beneficial objectives than the purchase of alcoholic drinks is universally accepted.

AS reliable evidences of the time of occurrence of the recent most marked increase in savings in the United States, the following abstracts from tables published by Carl Snyder from the records of the Federal Reserve Bank may be accepted as typical and entirely reliable.

Total savings and other time deposits in all banks as of June 30 of each year in terms of 1913 dollars per capita of total population

1910	$ 79.88
1915	89.00
1920	66.57
1925	116.62
1927	130.01

Building and loan associations' assets as of January 1 in terms of 1913 dollars per capita of total population

1900	$11.22
1905	9.36
1910	10.00
1915	13.58
1920	9.24
1925	24.03
1927	34.80

Life insurance companies' assets as of December 31 in terms of 1913 dollars per capita of total population

1900	$33.22
1905	42.39
1910	45.30
1915	49.86
1920	34.46
1925	56.90
1927	72.67

In analyzing the causes of increased prosperity as expressed in terms of real income, that is, what money will buy in the enjoyable uses of goods—such as food, clothing, shelter, amusement, etc.—Secretary Hoover (December, 1927) gave the four main reasons as reduction in waste, advances in science, improved management in industry, and prohibition. No one of the economists recently questioned throughout this country failed to include prohibition among the factors which are gradually abolishing poverty.

IN view of the substantial social evidence offered, it is believed that the conclusion is justified that improvements in the health of the people of the United States as a whole have occurred as a result of the enforced interference with the commercial traffic in alcoholic beverages due to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and its enforcement act.

It is further believed that only a fraction of the full and entirely possible benefits to health have been obtained which might well have resulted from uniform observance of the law if there had not been organized, violent, and corrupt opposition to the provisions of the law by those who have put their personal appetites and their desire for gain before the good of the communities in which they live or of the race and nation of which they are a part.

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